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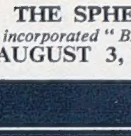

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Volume CCXXX No. 2992

The SPHERE, London, August 3, 1957

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL DRIVE THROUGH SARK—THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP RIDE IN A HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGE DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE ISLAND : They used this form of transport as motor-cars are not allowed on the island. The Queen and Prince Philip arrived at Sark on the third day of their visit to the Channel Islands and spent a few hours touring the island in the carriage, which formed part of a procession. Later, they returned to Guernsey before travelling on to Alderney.

During their three-day tour of the Channel Islands, the Queen and Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, made their headquarters in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. Their tour began at the island of Jersey (which Her Majesty was visiting for the first time as Sovereign) and, like the other islands they visited, holidaymakers joined the local residents in giving the Royal couple a warm welcome. From the harbour in St. Helier the Queen and Prince Philip drove along gaily-decorated streets to the States' Chamber in the Royal Court Building, to receive the first of several Addresses of Welcome.

A little later the Queen unveiled a plaque commemorating the visit by her parents to the island immediately after the liberation. At the Springfield show-ground of the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society, the Queen received the gift of a Jersey cow. As well as Jersey the Queen and the Prince called at Guernsey, Sark and Alderney. It was at Sark that they followed the local tradition by driving along the island's roads in a horse-drawn carriage. Although there were other carriages in the procession, many of the followers made their way on foot. (See also pp. 152-53.)

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PRESERVING A CENTURIES-OLD RIGHT: Mr. Reginald Bezzant (centre), the robed Master of the Worshipful Company of Carmen, hands a letter to Mr. Harry Fountain, a cart-driver, after hiring him in Dowgate Hill. A small crowd of spectators gathered to watch the proceedings as the Company of Carmen exercised a privilege dating from before the thirteenth century—the right to ply for hire with carts on licensed stands in the City of London.

SIR WINSTON VISITS SIR ANTHONY: Sir Winston and L Chu of Sir Anthony's country cottage at Broad Chalke, Wil former Prime Ministers since Sir Anthony retur to Sir Anthony had his fourth operation for gall

A London Newslette

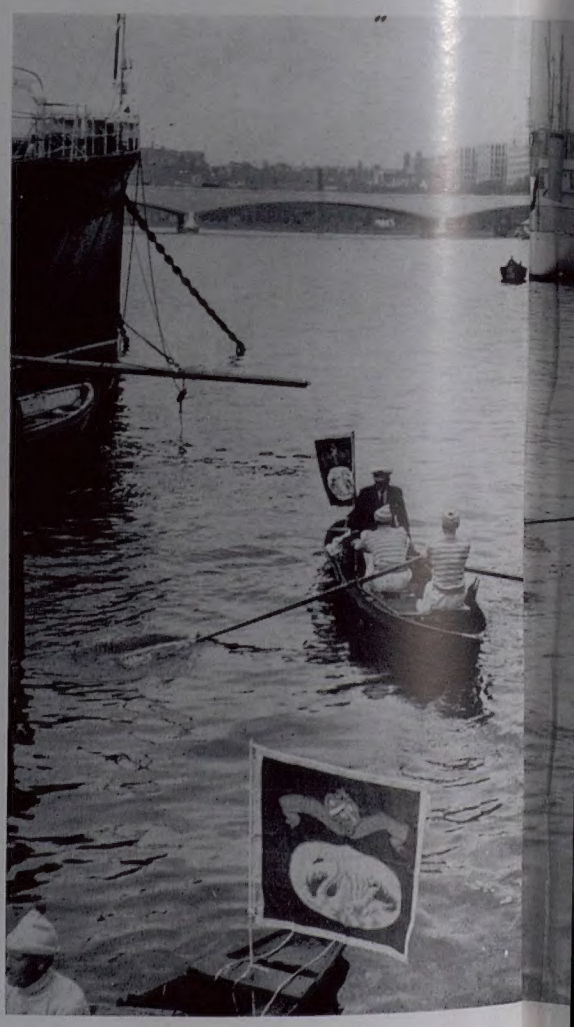
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

A Monstrous Rise.—The postal rises announced were higher than expected. The percentage increase on a letter is enormous, savage: formerly 2½d. for 2 ozs., a letter will soon cost 3d. for 1 oz., and the change is timed to catch the Christmas trade. The increase to 2½d. for a postcard and the telephone rental increases are not small percentages either. The Government seems so little concerned to explain or justify this mad inflationary wave that one may almost judge they regard the rises as admirable propaganda weapons to drive in the dangers of higher and higher wages and pay claims outstripping productivity. Very expensive propaganda service for you and me. It never seems that any alternative to increasing the cost to the public of the services of these State boards is seriously considered, such as sensible economies. The maintenance of a full "breakfast table mail" is regarded as a *sine qua non*, and is a very costly item. I think many of the public would prefer a system of less punctual delivery or fewer deliveries or preferential deliveries. I wonder if a measure of good may come out of this public evil. Perhaps the gambling industries may curtail their postal campaigns, and perhaps the luxury trades, and, above all, the luxury hotels, will scrutinise with more care their mailing lists. I quite often receive elaborate booklets advertising and illustrating suites in West End hotels which I could book for as little as £50 a week, and "solid gold cigar-cutters" which could be mine for a trifle of £35 a head. I never heard it generally accepted that the social reference books are made up on a monetary order of precedence. I don't think that *Who's Who* is a record of the richest men in Britain or the most foolish.

Patience (or Bunthorne's Bribe).—Mr. Macmillan's recent and long-needed words of comfort to the depressed classes, pensioners and those on fixed incomes, did not appear to afford them much hope of early (and tardy) relief from the oppression of inflation without corresponding bonuses. I have heard that he remarked that he could, if he would, check the fall and restore to normal levels the prices of gilt-edged securities by a stroke of the pen. But that would have a depressing effect on equities. One man's meat is another man's poison. The depressed classes would welcome a chance to get out of gilt-edged without ruinous sacrifice and join in the "equities jamboree," and social justice seems to demand that that stroke of the pen should give them that brief chance. But Mr. Macmillan and the Chancellor have, of necessity, to employ many irons in the fire if our chestnuts are to be rescued, and their cheerful confidence that "there is no crisis" suggests that the whipping-boys must consent to be whipped for another year at least for the majority's good. But it is those very whipping-boys who decide the majorities which instal Governments in power, and for Mr. Macmillan the sand-glass is filling at the bottom and Time is not on his side. Two years is all too short a time for wobblers to make up their minds and appreciate sound progress and reform.

Obstruction in Parliament.—We often wonder what we pay our M.P.s to do for us. One thing I feel we might reasonably expect them to do is to accept and obey the laws they make for us, as we are compelled to do. Those laws are usually made by a majority vote, which leaves a sad and defeated minority. That is so when we elect a new Government, but the defeated minority does not refuse to be governed by it, though by all constitutional means it tries to substitute its own favourite party in power. Not so the defeated minority in the recent legislation on capital punishment. Certain categories of the foullest forms of murder are still liable to be punished with death, and when a murderer has been tried and convicted by a jury as coming well within that category, and when every stage in the exhaustive road to certainty has been gone over and the Home Secretary has seen no possible loophole which would justify a recommendation to mercy, you would expect the legislators who made the law to accept it loyally, even while the defeated minority pursued every constitutional means to achieve total abolition. But not so some of the abolitionists. They are prepared to obstruct and denigrate the Minister responsible for carrying out *their* law by means that are neither constitutional nor loyal—means which add to the contempt which some people feel to-day not for the institution of Parliament but for some of those who compose it. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* It is a hackneyed truism we often drag out nowadays.

Why Do They Do It?—Our young men are still chipping seconds off the world records for speed on the running-track. Ibbotson has set up a new mile record, though it was only three years ago that Landy of Australia reached what was regarded as the human *ne plus ultra* for that distance; and I recall that in my Oxford days Henderson-Hamilton's mile in 4.17 was hailed as invincible. And on the same day as Ibbotson's record, a Seaford schoolboy ran 100 yards in 9.9 secs. Such a time by schoolboys was unthinkable a few years ago. 10½ secs. was a magnificent time until recently. Why do they do it? How do they do it? They are not better fed. I doubt if they are better trained, better shod, better furnished with tracks. I suppose times may be faster in summer than in ear spring when such athletic sports were formerly usual staged. But there must be something spiritual rather th physical in these constant record-breakings. The stimul must come from a confident desire to emulate recor breaking in every sphere of movement. "Communic tions," static from Roman times until about the 1840 have never since ceased to forge ahead. "Public transport has advanced from 17 m.p.h. to 500 m.p.h. *Ergo*, nothi is impossible for machines or for men. And Bannist assures us (no doubt with authority) that Ibbotson c "do better still."



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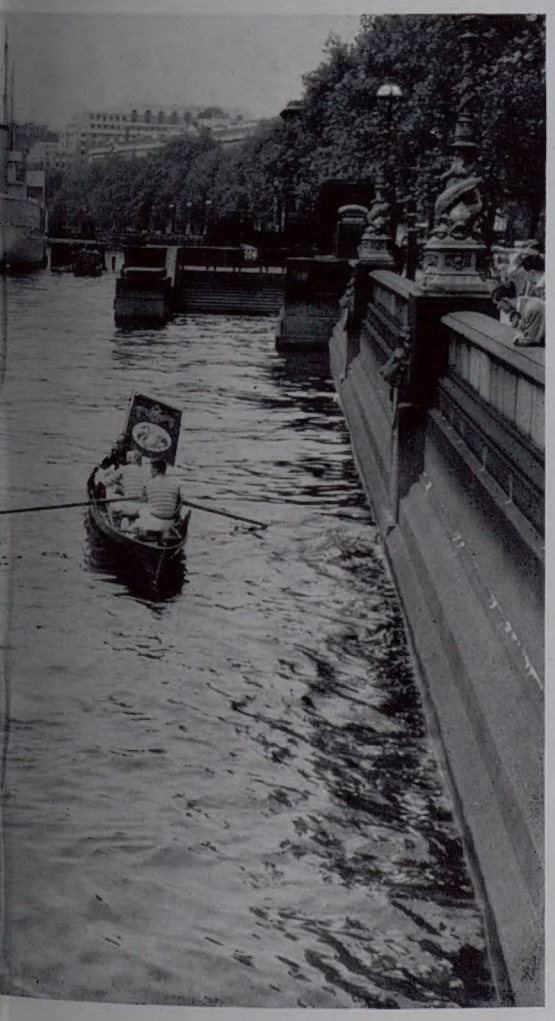
urchill stand with Sir Anthony and Lady Eden at the gate iltshire. It was the first meeting between the two England after his operation in America. Last April ll bladder condition in the Lahey Clinic at Boston.

OLD FRIENDS SAY GOOD-BYE : Sir Anthony Eden watches from the gate of his thatched cottage as his wife stands by the door of the car for a final word with Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. The cottage stands off the road which runs through the Chalke Valley from Salisbury to Shaftesbury. Although there has been speculation about Sir Anthony's future, it is considered improbable that his health will allow him to return to politics.

Gents. v. Players.—When I was young, the *Gentlemen v. Players* match was one of the star events of he cricket season and we deplored the fact that it usually ook place before the school-half ended. On paper, it is ill a popular fixture because the average attendance is igher than it was in Edwardian days. But then the opulation has largely increased and holidays are more aggered. Of course, the title has become absurd and to ome objectionable, but conservative institutions cling to ld traditions. In our drab age of equality and democracy, e still create hereditary titles, make Garter Knights and ear absurd dress of ceremony (tails and toppers) in a treamlined age. The gentlemen assembled at Lord's in 957 were quite certainly players, as certainly was the ice versa true. The outward sign of this truism was long go conceded. The players are no longer denied entry nd exit by the " Gentleman's " gate. It reminds me of the ld Oxford Scout's report of a bump-supper's orgy, when much damage was done to the seats of the dons' W.C.s, the gentlemen's rears and the scouts' bogs." I still take special interest in this old fixture with its obsolete name which is beyond alteration and so I find do thousands of cricket fans when the weather is reasonably kind, and I think the reason is clear. This match is unfettered by questions of international prestige, the commentators and statisticians are in holiday mood, the players (and gentlemen) for a moment cease to feel themselves of world importance and enjoy a game of cricket again, not without pride in their selection to play. There are too many Test Matches and they go on too long. They can be whipped up to keen interest and they can be very dull. The public still enjoys a carefree match, which is village cricket played by an all-star cast. But it would be kinder on the counties in the running for the championship if the *Gents. and Players* could be fixed during an interlude in important county matches. As it is nowadays, the match invariably seems to come at a critical time in the Championship. And incidentally, it follows that period when we are almost surfeited with sport—Wimbledon, Henley, the Open Golf, a Cricket Test and much else all occurring on the same days.



At Chawton.—Once more the faithful gathered for the annual meeting of the Jane Austen Society in the grounds of the great house inherited by Jane's brother, Edward Knight, over against the cottage, now a living museum to her memory, which Edward gave to Mrs. Austen and his sisters. In that cottage Jane wrote or polished the best of her novels and from it went to her early death in Winchester. As usual, the Duke of Wellington felicitously presided over the gathering. As usual, a speaker gave an address on some aspect of Jane Austen's life, times and art. The lion on this occasion was Mr. Roger Fulford, who recently won a £5,000 prize for his *Votes for Women*. A lioness also was let into the arena. The vote of thanks was proposed by another big prize-winner, Lady Cynthia Asquith, a walking encyclopædia on Jane Austen; her infinite pains and meticulous preparations enabled her to supply all the answers to a long-drawn-out I.T.V. quiz and gained her a prize of more than £3,000. Now I understand she is engaging in another quiz on the same theme. Mr. Fulford chose as his theme the dedication of *Emma* to the Regent, and in his inimitable way was able to turn his great knowledge of the period and of the character of George IV to a fine defence of that monarch's good taste, with a wit and point which kept a large and very intelligent audience constantly chuckling. Recent previous speakers have been Lord David Cecil, Margaret Kennedy, Lady Cynthia herself, Sir Arthur Bryant and Sir Harold Nicolson, and each proved very effective and amusing in his or her line. The subject, it seems, is inexhaustible. The tenth reading of any one of the novels will discover new plums and surprises and, for that matter, there remains still a great deal to be discovered of details of Jane's quiet life and outwardly gentle nature. The fact that the Society grows in numbers and the museum in exhibits and that the annual fixture attracts more and more interest is proof that as a subject she is inexhaustible, and that the times in which she lived are still a mine of interest and speculation as yet hardly scratched.

On left—

SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES: With ensigns fluttering in the breeze, this party of swan-markers of the ancient city guild, the Vintners Company, sets out in boats from Victoria Embankment for the beginning of the annual swan-upping season. The Vintners are one of two companies who own one-third of the swans on the River Thames, the right having been granted to them by King Edward IV in return for money. All the swans not marked are owned by the Crown so the two companies take part in this traditional ceremony to make sure of their ownership. The marking of the swans begins in the pool, below London Bridge, and continues in daily stages as far as Oxford.

"Statuary."—The Crystal Palace statuary (Greek gods, fat women, vases and urns) is up for sale by the L.C.C., but enthusiasm by buyers is not very marked. Some of the statuary is not very meritorious and some of it wears the distressing marks of damp which children embarrassingly notice round the Albert Memorial. Much of it is rather too massive to take the place of those gnomes so popular in suburban gardens. That is a pity. But, like so much Victorian statuary, if undistinguished, it is " modest." " Nice, clean fun " on a massive scale. It is not always so with modern sculptuary. Thus, Smethwick Education Committee has been taken to task for accepting a modern " Statue of Leda " at the entrance gates of the secondary modern schools. That lady figured in a mythological tale " full of lust and lechery." A Crystal Palace Neptune might be an excellent substitute, or an urn. There is nothing nasty about an urn, at least obliquely. Its nastiness is directly seen if its design be shoddy. The best pieces from the Palace are apparently to be reserved for a " Joseph Paxton Garden," another stage in the museumisation of Britain at all costs.

Motoring Holiday in Russia.—I shall defer for a time making plans for a motor tour of Russia. Photographs in the *Daily Telegraph* of the long straight road to Moscow from Brest-Litovsk are far from inviting. Two officials of the A.A. who tried it out admitted that the difficulties they found made the idea largely impracticable at present. Pioneers who are determined to try it are advised to take two drivers, to have a car capable of cruising at 70 m.p.h. and of doing at least 25 m.p.g. Otherwise the endless journey across the Russian plains, though the road is 40 ft. wide, will be unbearably tedious. And the tourist must be largely self-supporting. Spare parts and tools are essential. Garages, filling stations and technical help are all widely spaced and the travel allowance all too slender. Nevertheless, Britain has never lacked pioneers and adventurers or even a minority which still craves for the wide open spaces. These they will enjoy to the point of agoraphobia, and some of them returning may soothly swear that never was sight so fair as the Brighton or Southend road during a summer week-end in August.

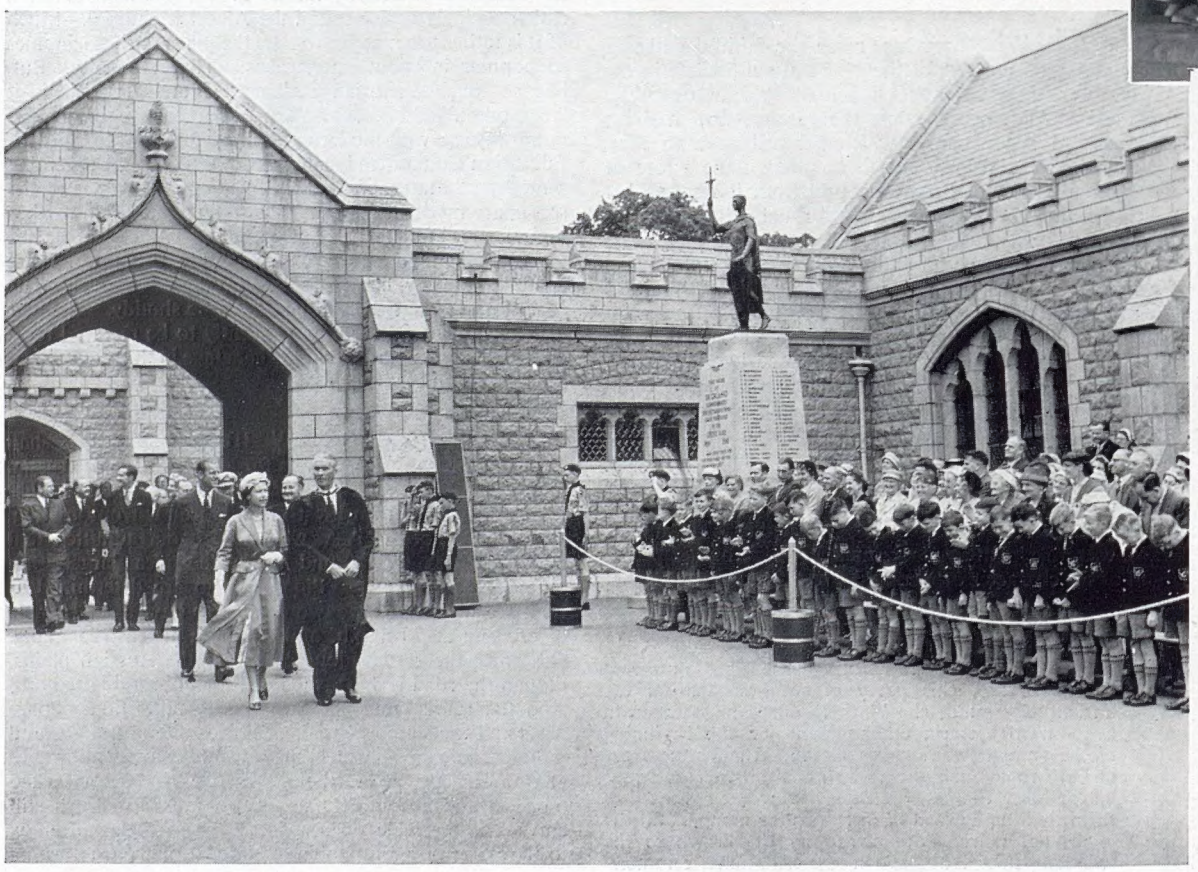
THE OLD STAGER

THREE DAYS IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

Further Pictures of the Royal Visit to Jersey, Guernsey, Sark and Alderney

A GIFT FOR THE QUEEN: At the Springfield showground of the Royal Jersey Agricultural and Horticultural Society, the Queen receives the gift of Beauchamp Oxford Lady, a Jersey cow in calf. It is to be added to the Jersey herd at Windsor. Also at the showground the Queen presented the cup to the winner of this year's spring show.

BOWS FOR THE QUEEN: Boys of Elizabeth College, in Guernsey, b ranks during her visit. Her Majesty is accompanied by t The Queen also inspected a guard of honour of the Elizabe



AT VICTORIA COLLEGE AT ST. HELIER, THE CAPITAL OF JERSEY: Boy Scouts stand at the salute, and the pupils bow, as the Queen, accompanied by the Headmaster, Mr. Ronald Postill, makes a tour of the college. The Royal visitors also met Deputy John Le Marquand, President of the Education Committee, and Deputy Peter Crill, the Vice-President of the Committee.

CEREMONIAL IN GUERNSEY: Professor E. B. Moull presents the Spurs for the Queen to touch duri the ceremonies of Welcome at St. George's Ha

ON THE ISLAND OF SARK: The Queen is walking with La Da de Sercq, Mrs. R. W. Hathaway, who, during the cou of the visit, re-enacted the ceremony of *Foi et Homma*

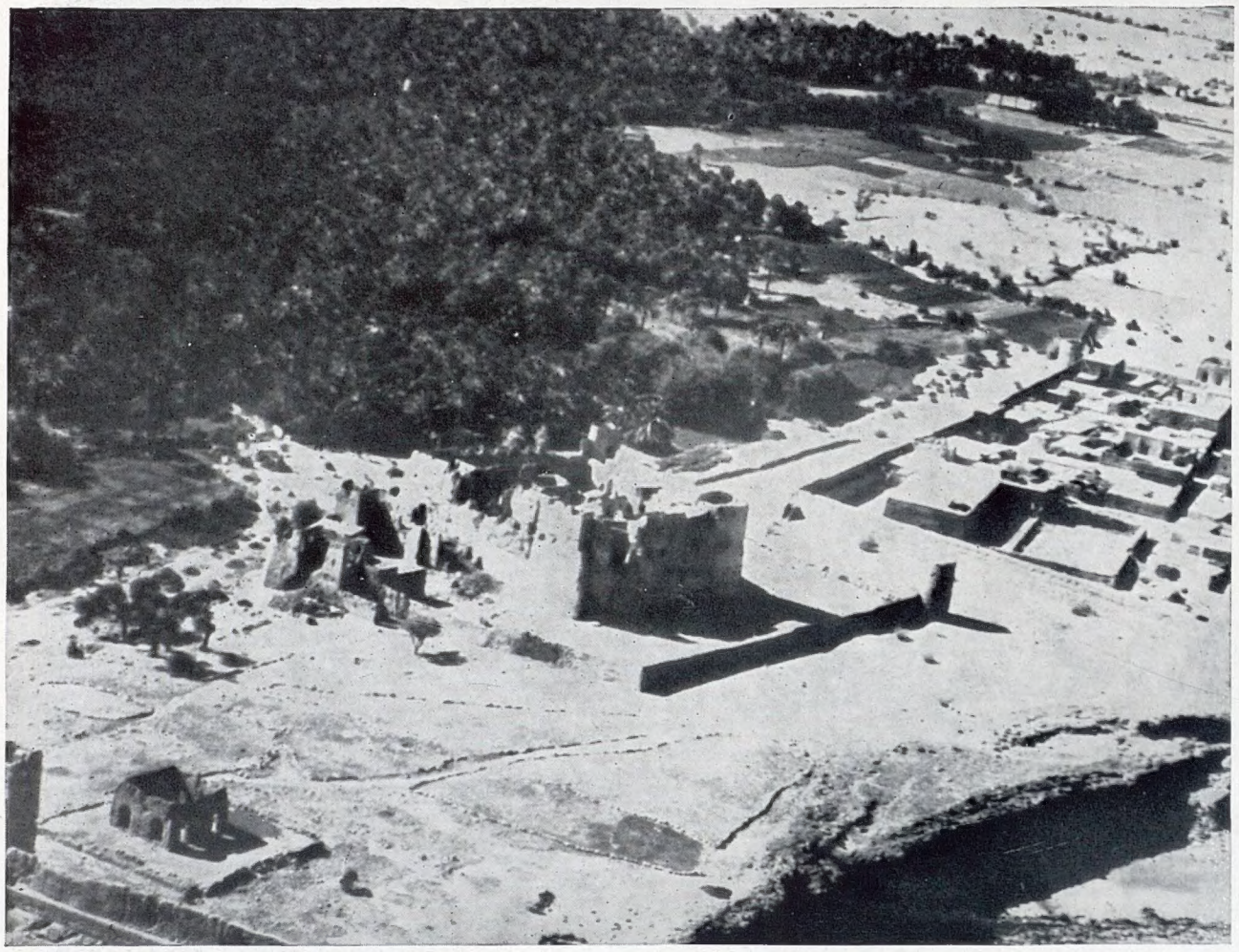
the Queen as she walks past the
ev. W. H. G. Milnes, the Principal.
ollege Combined Cadet Force.

CHEERS ALL THE WAY: As the Royal car, with the hood lowered in the sunshine, is driven past Cobo Bay, on the west coast of Guernsey, holidaymakers and fishermen join the crowd to give the Queen and the Prince a warm and informal welcome.

ECORDING THE OCCASION: Several of the crowd photograph the Queen as she leaves the Parish Church of St. Anne, on Alderney, with the vicar, the Rev. J. H. Le Page. Owing to the weather conditions the Queen and the Prince flew to Alderney instead of travelling in the Royal Yacht.

THE QUEEN MEETS THE PEOPLE OF JERSEY: Her Majesty speaks to the guests during the reception at Government House. The ceremonial occasions contrasted with other engagements when the holiday atmosphere added a touch of informality.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A REBEL FORT IN OMAN AFTER AN ATTACK BY THE R.A.F.: This picture shows Izki, in the dissident area of Oman. It was one of the strongpoints attacked last week with rockets and cannon by R.A.F. aircraft. At the beginning of this week it was reported that the rebellion had lost momentum.

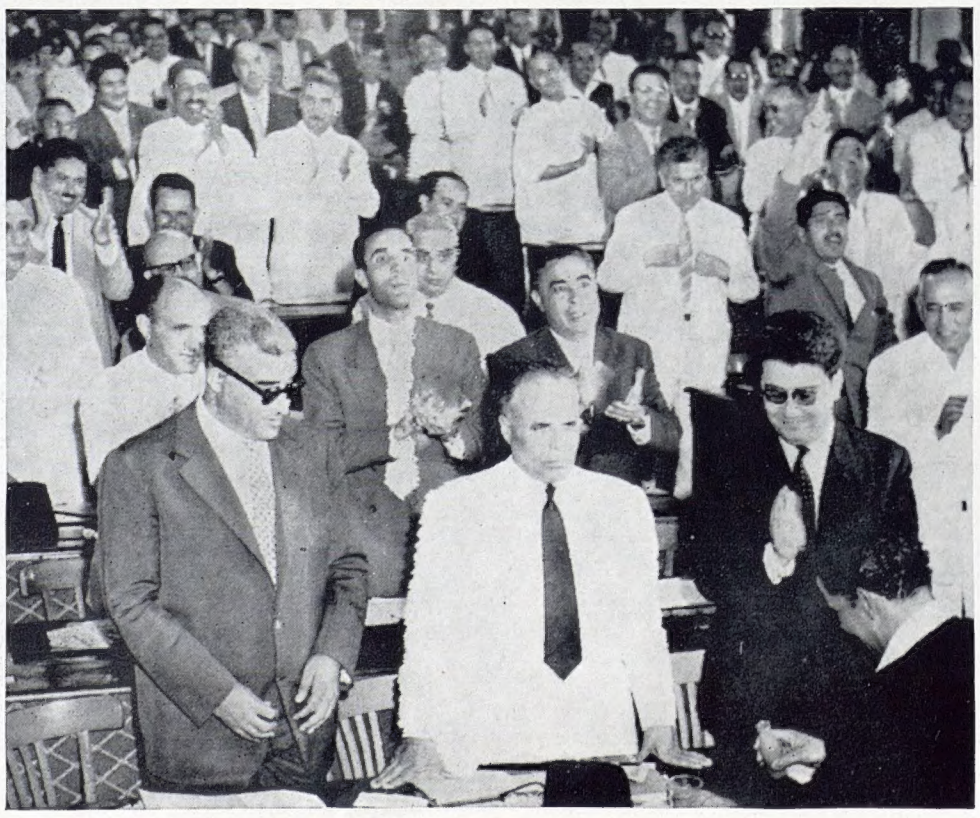
THE RULER OF MUSCAT AND OMAN: Sultan Said bin Taimur is seen here at London Airport after his visit to Britain two years ago. A few months later he asked for British help against the Imam (religious leader) as he has done again in the past two weeks. It can thus be seen that there is a pattern of events in his kingdom into which the latest outburst of violence fits. The periodic uprisings of the Imam and others take place in remote regions over which the Sultan has little control. What distinguishes the present crisis in Oman from those which have gone before is not the domestic aspect but the attitudes towards it of Britain and America. It was hoped that Mr. Dulles might discuss the question of a joint Anglo-American policy towards the Arab States during his unexpected visit to London this week.

TUNISIA BECOMES A REPUBLIC: Mr. Habib Bourguiba, the Prime Minister, is acclaimed by the crowds as he drives through the streets of Tunis after being elected President of Tunisia. The Constituent Assembly had first abolished the monarchy and proclaimed a republic. All three votes were unanimous. In the debate on the abolition of the monarchy, one deputy delivered a violent attack on Royal families everywhere, with the notable exception of the British. Many speakers claimed that the only interest of the Bey of Tunis and his Husseinite dynasty was to amass money.

AT THE AIRPORT OF MUSCAT: British servicemen stand by the customs and passport office, built of reeds. It is the only building at the airport. The base of the R.A.F. is on the Trucial Coast.

On right—

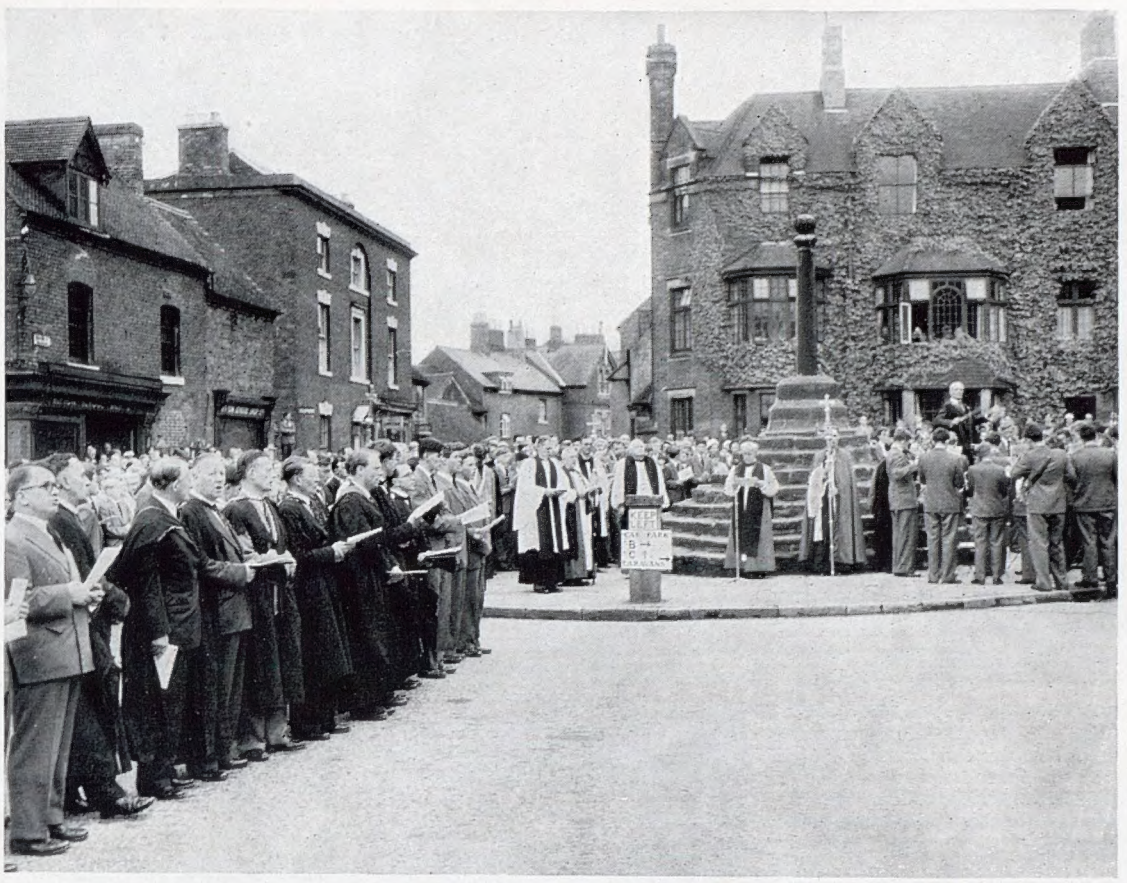
IN PLACE OF THE BEY: The Tunisian Constituent Assembly cheers Mr. Bourguiba (in front row wearing white suit) on his election as the first President of the Republic. Mr. Bourguiba announced that "no action prompted by vengeance will be taken against the person of the Bey or his family." It was believed that Bey Sidi Lamine, who is aged seventy-six, would be offered the chance of living abroad.



THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA: President Castillo Armas was shot dead last Saturday as he was walking through a corridor in the presidential palace in Guatemala City. His assassin, reported to be a member of the Palace guard, committed suicide. A few hours later the Vice-President, Luis Arturo Gonzalas-Lopez, was sworn in as President.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

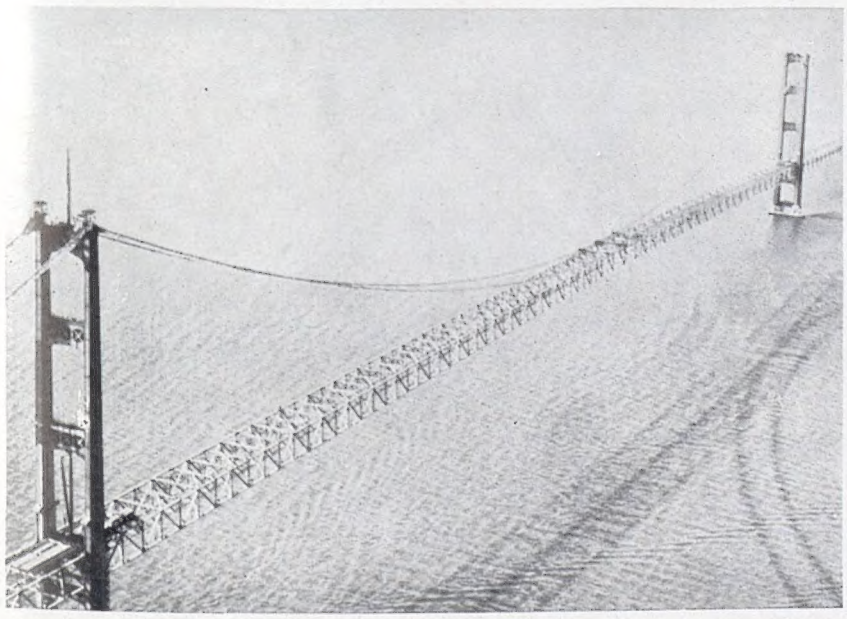
REPTON SCHOOL'S FOURTH CENTENARY: The Archbishop of Canterbury lays the foundation-stone of the new memorial hall at the climax of the four-day celebrations marking the foundation of the school in 1557. Dr. Fisher was headmaster of Repton from 1914 to 1932. The laying of the foundation-stone was followed by a thanksgiving service at which Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of York, himself an Old Reptonian, preached the sermon. Like many other public schools, Repton has a large programme of building and the memorial hall is part of a scheme which includes a new chemistry and physics laboratory and a memorial gateway and precinct for which over £100,000 has already been raised by gifts and covenants. Repton School, which lies about eight miles outside Derby, was founded four hundred years ago on the site of a twelfth-century priory under the will of Sir John Port of Etwall, in Derbyshire. The four days of celebrations included performances of *A Masque of Schollers*, written by an Old Reptonian, Mr. Eric Maschwitz, which dramatised events in the history of the school; and exhibitions of school work.



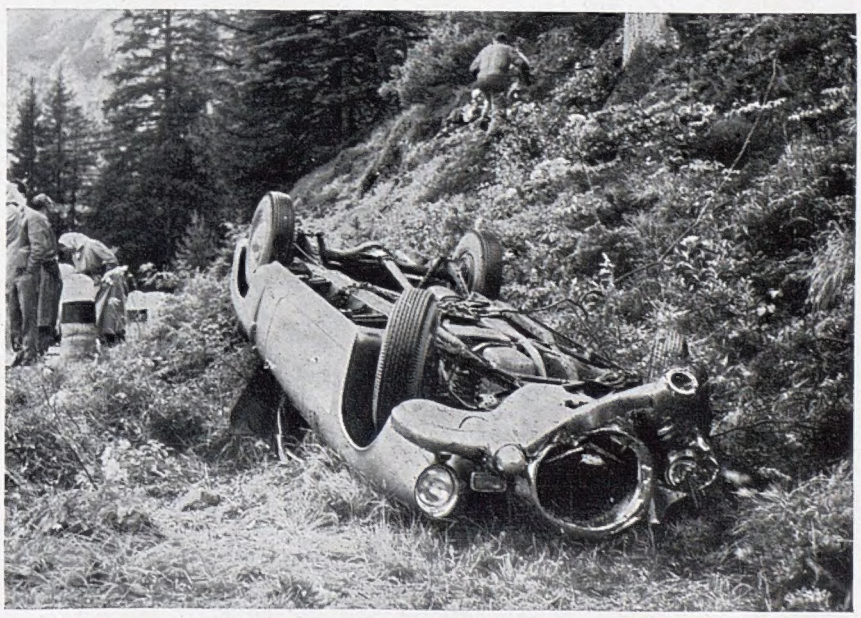
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY BLESSES THE SCHOOL AND VILLAGE FROM THE VILLAGE SQUARE: On Dr. Fisher's right is Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of York. During the celebrations Repton received a message of congratulation from the Queen, who visited the school this March.

TWO NEW BISHOPS CONSECRATED AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A general view of the scene on St. James's Day as the two new Bishops were presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Very Rev. Francis E. Lunt, formerly Dean of Bristol, was consecrated as Bishop Suffragan of Stepney (in the Diocese of London) and the Venerable Basil T. Guy, formerly Archdeacon of Bedford, was consecrated Bishop Suffragan of Bedford (in the Diocese of St. Albans). They were presented respectively to the Archbishop by the Bishops of London and Bristol, and St. Albans and Exeter.

SWEEPING CHANGES IN THE BRITISH ARMY: At a Press conference in the War Office, Mr. John Hare, the Secretary for War, discusses the drastic cuts announced in the Government White Paper. The Army is to be reduced by fifty-one major units and a large number of smaller ones in the reorganisation to create an exclusively regular force of no more than 165,000 by the end of 1962. Many famous infantry, cavalry and armoured regiments are to be amalgamated. The Government has also published proposals for monetary grants for redundant officers and other ranks and plans for ensuring them civilian employment.



COMPLETION OF THE CENTRAL SPAN OF THE MACKINAC STRAITS BRIDGE, IN MICHIGAN: In last week's issue of "The Sphere" pictures were published of the lifting into position of the 100-ton pre-assembled sections of the bridge. The centre section of the span was joined towards the end of last month. Eighty-six truss units had to be raised separately. The bridge, when completed next November, will be nearly five miles in length. The two main towers are 552 ft. high and the roadway will be 185 ft. above water level. The bridge is being built by the U.S. Steel Corporation.

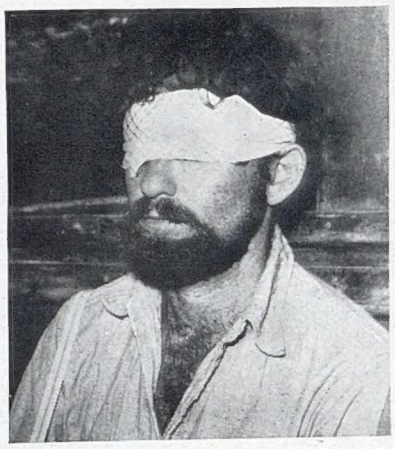


THE CAR IN WHICH KING LEOPOLD, FORMER KING OF THE BELGIANS, CRASHED LAST MONTH NEAR CORTINA IN ITALY: Ex-King Leopold and his wife, Princess Liliane de Rethy, were fortunate to escape with no more than bruises when their car, driven by Princess de Rethy, skidded and overturned twice before crashing into a ditch. The car belonged to the Italian racing motorist, Gino Farina, who had brought it to Cortina for a Concours d'Elegance. Ex-King Leopold and his wife were at Cortina to unveil a bust of King Albert of the Belgians. They had borrowed Signor Farinas' car to try it out.

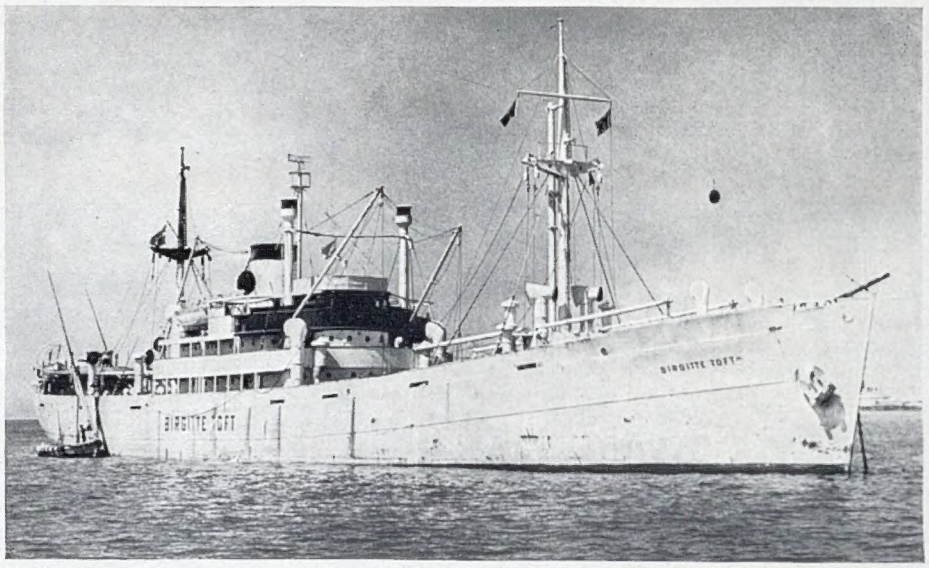
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

COLONEL NASSER PARADES HIS SOVIET-EQUIPPED ARMED FORCES: Russian-built bombers and fighters fly above Soviet-manufactured armoured vehicles on the ground during the parade in Cairo of the Egyptian armed forces to mark the fifth anniversary of the Army revolution which ousted King Farouk and made way, eventually, for President Nasser. According to Egyptian spokesmen, the object of the demonstration was to show that Nasser's army had not been destroyed last year. Observers naturally wondered why the Egyptian President should have kept such military power away from the battlefront with Israel instead of employing it to prevent his overwhelming defeat. The logical conclusion was that much of the land and air equipment in the parade had been acquired since the debacle, from the Soviet Union or Czechoslovakia, and that the real intention of the display was domestic propaganda.

THE "SURPRISE" OF THE PARADE IN CAIRO: The rocket-launcher and the diesel truck on which it is mounted were both built in Russia or Czechoslovakia. Two dozen of these combinations were the "surprise" item in the review.



AN ISRAELI SAILOR ARRESTED AT SUEZ: Rafi Eylon is blindfolded after being arrested by Egyptian authorities on board the Danish freighter *Birgitte Toft* in the Suez Canal.



ISRAEL-BOUND FREIGHTER SAILS THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL: The 2,355-ton Danish cargo vessel *Birgitte Toft* is pictured at anchor in the harbour of Suez. *Birgitte Toft* is the first Israel-bound vessel to sail through the Suez Canal since the invasion of Egypt by Israel last year. The Egyptian authorities granted permission for the freighter to carry a cargo of rice through the Suez Canal to Israel after a decision made at the "highest level in the regime." After the arrival of the vessel, customs officials inspected her cargo. They discovered that one of the crew, an Israeli, had been picked up at the Port of Eilat, to replace a sick Danish seaman. He was placed under arrest.

FLOOD DISASTER IN THE PHILIPPINES: This part of the roadway leading to the town of Mabini, in Pangasinan Province, north of Manila, was swept away by raging floodwaters which struck the area on July 15. Other parts of the road were covered with uprooted trees, making it impassable for traffic. It has been reported that more than 230 people were drowned during the flood havoc and over 1,000 more were missing. It has also been stated that about 1,000 houses in the town were destroyed, most of them being washed completely away. The flooding occurred after prolonged heavy rains which followed a typhoon. Torrents of water cascaded down a mountainside and swept through the town, leaving a trail of desolation. When the floods had subsided, social welfare teams organised the distribution of rice and canned food to the victims. The Governor of the Province assisted with flood-relief work.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR: One of the last pictures of Sacha Guitry, who died on July 24 in Paris. He is examining his last film, *The Story of Paris*. It will be noticed he is sitting in a wheel-chair. The playwright, actor, film producer and manager had been in ill health for some months before his death. He was aged seventy-two. Guitry, who was born in Russia, was the son of Lucien Guitry, the great French actor. His parents separated when he was four and he was abducted by his father and smuggled to Constantinople. His first play was produced when he was seventeen and in 1905 he wrote *Nono*, a play which established his reputation.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE CENTRAL FLYING SCHOOL AT LITTLE RISSINGTON, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: *Left*—**Princess Margaret is seen during her tour of one of the hangars at the school. She is about to inspect an Avro 504, the type of plane in which her father, the late King George VI, learned to fly. The Princess also saw a 1913 biplane.** *Right*—**One of the entertaining items in the school's flying display, which was staged in honour of the Princess's visit. A junior technician, dressed as a witch and sitting on a broomstick complete with cat, is trailed from a helicopter.** Princess Margaret flew to the School from London Airport and on arrival was met by Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley, Chief of the R.A.F. Flying Training Command. As well as visiting the hangar to see the veteran and modern aircraft which are used to illustrate the history of the establishment, and watching the air display, Princess Margaret also toured other parts of the school. She visited a barrack block of the Women's Royal Air Force; met young children of R.A.F. men who were at their lessons in a classroom, and presented the Wright Jubilee Trophy. This trophy is awarded each year to the winner of an aerobatic competition between instructors in Flying Training Command. At the end of her visit the Princess flew back to London, in an aircraft of the Queen's Flight.

WINSTON CHURCHILL RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF DOUGLAS: At his London home in Hyde Park Gate, he is being presented with the casket containing his certificate of admission to the Freedom of the Borough on the Isle of Man. Councillor W. B. Kaneen, the Mayor of Douglas, is making the presentation. He had flown to London for the ceremony with the Mayoress and members of the Douglas Council. This was only one of Sir Winston's recent engagements. He was due to speak last Wednesday night at the dinner at Guildhall, in London, for the visiting members of the American Bar Association.

A MEMORABLE OCCASION IN LONDON FOR THE ISLE OF MAN: Sir Winston and Lady Churchill and Councillor and Mrs. Kaneen, Mayor and Mayoress of Douglas, sit in the garden at Hyde Park Gate surrounded by members of the Douglas Council after Sir Winston had received the Freedom of the Borough.

HAMPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL MARKS ITS FOURTH CENTENARY WITH A SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Members of the school's choir are in the foreground, and in the nave are staff and others of the boys. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London. The association of Hampton School, in Middlesex, with the City of London began in 1557 with its founder, Robert Hammond, a City merchant. In the seventeenth century it received further endowments from other leading City figures. The School to-day has some 800 pupils.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDS THE REHALLOWING OF THE GUILD CHURCH OF TOC H: Her Majesty is talking to the Archdeacon of London, the Venerable O. H. Gibbs-Smith, as she arrives for the service at All Hallows by the Tower, in the City of London. The Bishop of London, Dr. Montgomery-Campbell, is standing next to the Archdeacon, and the Vicar of All Hallows, the Rev. P. B. Clayton (who is also founder padre of Toc H) is on the right. All Hallows Church was very badly damaged during air raids in 1940. Materials for the rebuilding have come from various countries of the British Commonwealth and from the United States. The foundation-stone was laid by the Queen Mother in 1948.

NEW TRENDS IN YACHTING

The Progress of Science and the Introduction of New Materials Have Influenced Designers of Yachts and Small Sailing Boats

By GABOR DENES

A CRUISING YACHT OF UNUSUAL DESIGN: The Atalanta class has a hot-moulded hull and two heavy retractable keels. She will float in 2 ft. of water with keels up.

SUITABLE FOR FAMILY USE: The Fairey Marine Jollyboat, which was designed by Uffa Fox, holds the record for the greatest speed in an orthodox sailing dinghy.

THE design and construction of yachts and small sailing boats have made tremendous strides in recent years. The main considerations in development for both categories have been the improvement of all-round sailing efficiency, economy of production, and, in the case of cruising vessels, more comfortable accommodation. Designers have been influenced in following these trends by various factors. First, the progress of science has enabled them to devise more efficient hull and sailplan designs; secondly, new materials, such as synthetic resin marine glues and plywoods, laminated timbers, new metal alloys have not only contributed to the design of more efficient sailing craft, but have also, to a very large extent, made possible savings in the cost of building. This is a most important aspect in times when the prices of materials and labour follow a continuous upward tendency.

In the larger ocean racing and cruising vessels American owners and designers took the lead. They were the first to build yachts with considerably greater beam and less draft, and, more recently, of even shallower draft and centreboards. In the design of the latter, particularly, such refinements have been developed that any possible objections to using centreboards have been removed. In Britain, yachtsmen were slow, at first, in accepting the new ideas, but when, two years ago, one or two visiting American yachts, built on these new principles, swept the board in racing, their superiority and advantages became too obvious to be ignored any longer. News of such fine successful ocean racers as Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre*, the best representative of this new type, impressed British yachtsmen, and some owners were tempted to have yachts built on similar lines.

This departure from the traditional British, narrower and deeper draft design is a slow process as yet. One of the first examples is Mr. E. Ellsworth Jones's *Casquet*, designed by the well-known British designer, Arthur C. Robb. She is 36 ft. long overall, 25 ft. 6 ins. on the waterline, with a beam of 10 ft. 6 ins. and a draft of only 3 ft. 11 ins., which becomes 6 ft. 8 ins. with the centreboard lowered. Apart from her sailing qualities in ocean races, which have yet to be assessed, this yacht looks extremely attractive, and the great beam allows very spacious accommodation below.

Some other British owners have employed American designers to create yachts of this new type for them. The Hon. Max Aitken has had a much larger yacht built at Cowes from the design of Raymond Hunt, whose own *Harrier* won all six races she had entered during Cowes Week when he brought her over here in 1955. Mr. Aitken's yacht, *Drumbeat*, has ample dimensions. Her length overall is 57 ft. 8 ins., waterline 40 ft., beam 14 ft. 7 ins.; her draft, including centreboard, is 10 ft., and with the board up she only draws 4 ft. As will be seen from the picture, her large sail area is distributed in a low aspect ratio plan, and this, together with the extreme beam, makes her appearance unusual to eyes accustomed to the look of the conventional design of modern British yachts. Five days after her launching, *Drumbeat* gave an exceptionally good account of herself in this year's Round the Island Race, when she went very well indeed on all points of sailing and was placed second on corrected time in the large class racing for the Crankshaw Bowl. Needless to say, her accommodation is most spacious and comfortable.

THE THRILLS OF SAILING: *On the left* is the International 505, a two-man centreboard dinghy, which has gained popularity very quickly. The class has about 600 sailnumbers. The Stewart Morris International 14-ft. dinghy *Bolero* is seen in the picture *on the right*.

An entirely different development is the Atalanta, a most original and unique design for a medium-size (26-ft.) family cruising yacht. She was built of hot-moulded plywood, instead of the orthodox methods. Her builders, Fairey Marine, are well known as the makers of several types of racing dinghies built by this method. Indeed, not only in her material, but in her hull shape as well, the Atalanta is an enlarged direct descendant of these sailing dinghies. She is also a centreboarder, and with the twin boards retracted floats in under 2 ft. of water. The advantage of this is fairly obvious when cruising in shallow estuaries or other coastal waters. For her size this boat is exceptionally roomy—she sleeps six people on board. Her self-draining centre cockpit makes her very safe, and she is claimed to be uncapsizable.

The secret of Atalanta's success lies in her easy handling. She is considered to be the first cruising yacht of her size that the newcomer to yachting can be expected to deal with. Running aground, for instance, holds no great problem. If the centreboards were down at the time, all that has to be done is to raise them; if they were up, the water would not be deep enough to make it too awkward to get out and push off. So far in the first year of full production, fifty-seven craft have been ordered, of which about thirty are delivered up to date. For her accommodation and sailing qualities the Atalanta is quite reasonably priced, the basic figure, without sails, being under £1,600, and with sails, and many refinements, such as engine, etc., there would be some change from £2,000.

With the same aim of producing a good cruising and racing yacht at a reasonable price, the designer and the owners' association of the South Coast One Design class have approached the problem in an entirely different way. The S.C.O.D. was designed by Charles Nicholson in 195 as a cheap cruising and racing yacht with accommodation for four on board. The design is conventional and has none of the features we have been discussing, and its significance is mainly in its simplicity and cheapness. The hull is planked in Lagos mahogany on English oak frame and rock elm timbers. From the dimensions—length overall 25 ft. 11 ins., waterline 21 ft., beam 7 ft. 10 ins. draft 5 ft. 3 ins.—it will be seen that there is nothing revolutionary in the design. Yet the result is a fast, handy little yacht, providing excellent racing in a keen class and, at the same time, a family cruising boat, costing only very slightly more than the plywood Atalanta. The class is governed by its own association, which keeps very strict control over the building and equipping of the boats in order to preserve the essential feature of the class as a one-design. In the short time of its existence about fifty S.C.O.D.s have been built by about half a dozen builders authorised by the association.

Reference has been made to the development of new construction materials and methods. Nowhere have these had a greater effect on the progress of new designs than in the realm of racing dinghies. Since the war several new types have been introduced made of hot- or cold-moulded plywood. Some of these have become the most popular classes in a very short time, such as the Firefly—sailnumbers of this class now exceed 2,000. There are others, the Swordfish; the Jollyboat, which is the fastest sailing craft apart from catamarans, and the International 505, to mention only a few.

Even the aristocrat of sailing dinghies, the International 14-footer which was first recognised as a class as long ago as 1926, is affected by the introduction of the new building technique. Originally the boats were diagonally planked and carvel built, but the class being a restricted class (as opposed to a one-design where no variation is permissible) it was found possible to create new hull designs for building in moulded plywood, and these new hulls have completely outclassed the earlier conventional, planked boats. The International 505 has gained popularity very quickly, too, and with about 600 sailnumbers it is likely to be chosen as the two-man centre board boat for the next Olympic Games to be held in Rome in 196

Many of these modern racing dinghies can reach a speed of 12-15 knots when planing under favourable conditions, but in the eternal quest for faster sailing the principal role belongs to the catamaran. Twin-hulled craft have many other advantages besides speed; easier handling makes them more suitable for the aged and infirm, and a well-designed "cat" is much more difficult to capsize than a modern racing dinghy. Catamarans are still in the early stages of their development, but there is no doubt that when they become available in numbers at a reasonable price, they will be extremely popular.

The advent of synthetic fibre materials, such as Terylene, is another great boon to the sailing man. Hi sails, although initially more expensive, last longer, have greater strength for less weight, and are a great deal more efficient.

CASQUET": This 12½ ton centre-board yawl, designed by Arthur Robb, for Mr. E. Ellsworth Jones, was launched late last season. She is one of the very first British-designed yachts to adopt the new American line of thought advocating wide beam, shallow draft and centreboard.

In right—
HE NEW JUMPAHEAD CATA-MARAN: It is of hard chine wood construction with an overall length of 16 ft. and a beam of 7 ft. 6 ins. The vessel is built by A.S.T. Ltd., of Hamble, Hampshire. Her cock-pit space has sufficient room for the erection of a tent at moorings in quiet waters.

ON TRIAL IN THE SOLENT: Mr. Max Aitken's new yacht *Drumbeat* was launched only a few weeks ago. She was designed by an American, Raymond Hunt, and built at Clare Lallow's yard at Cowes. *Drumbeat* represents a new departure in the shape of British ocean racers. Her performance in the Fastnet race is awaited with interest.

HE SOUTH COAST ONE DESIGN: *Mariota* is owned by Vice-Admiral Sir Conolly Abel Smith. This class, which was started only a short time ago, has become very popular owing to its moderate cost, sailing ability and usefulness as a racing and cruising class. The designer is Charles Nicholson, and the class is governed by its own association.

ONE OF THE MOST OUTSTANDING YACHTS IN AMERICAN WATERS: This photograph, by Morris Rosenfeld, shows Carleton Mitchell's *Finisterre*, which was the winner of the 1956 Bermuda race. She is likely to be the inspiration of many British owners and designers, and is a clear pointer to the new trend in the design of ocean racers and cruisers.

BASLE'S 2,000TH ANNIVERSARY

The International Railway Junction and Port on the Rhine in Switzerland Celebrates this Month its Foundation by a Roman General

By JOHN STEEL

STANDING in the courtyard of the magnificent sixteenth-century town hall in Basle is the life-sized statue of the founder of the city, Lucius Munatius Plancus, who founded the Roman colony of Augusta Raurica ten miles to the east of Basle in 44 B.C.

Every morning the citizens of Basle hold their colourful fruit, flower and vegetable market near the statue, which always looks extremely spick and span in the best Swiss tradition of scrupulous cleanliness. Even the local pigeons seem to respect the war helm of the noble Roman whose haughty features frown down a trifle disdainfully on the curious visitors who come to see him. Commenting on the strange but exemplary behaviour of the pigeons, a humorous citizen observed : "Oh, they are stray birds from Zurich, well-disciplined and with an excellent sense of the proprieties ! "

Little did Munatius Plancus dream when he settled at Augusta Raurica 2,000 years ago that the little colony would grow into the important international city of 250,000 people that it is to-day. Yet he must have recognised its strategic importance, for shortly afterwards the first settlers moved on to the hill in the bend of the Rhine where Basle Cathedral now stands.

It is easy to imagine the Roman general strengthening his fortifications, yearning the while, no doubt, for the blue skies of Italy and the pleasures of distant Rome as he stood constantly on guard against the many warlike tribes in the vicinity.

Every summer, or perhaps in the spring, he probably crossed the Great St. Bernard Pass on his way for a rest-cure beside the Italian lakes before setting out on the long road to Rome. At Augst the restored amphitheatre, a reconstruction of a Roman house and a most interesting Roman museum bear witness to the importance of the Roman occupation.

This present August on the 23rd of the month a ceremony will be held in this Roman theatre at Augst to mark Basle's 2,000th birthday. In addition to many other celebrations, a special performance of Handel's "Julius Cæsar" is to be given in the Town Hall. Of particular interest will be an exhibition entitled "Switzerland in Roman Times" which is being opened in the Basle Hall at the Swiss Industries Fair on August 17.

Present-day Basle is one of the most important cities in Europe, yet it is surprising how few people from this country really know it. Most of them pass through the vast railway station in the early hours of the morning on their way to the resorts of Lugano, Lucerne or Berne. Those who have to change trains around 6 a.m. eat a delicious breakfast of Swiss coffee, hot *croissants* and Basle's far-famed cherry jam, then remark to themselves : "Can you possibly see us doing this in Euston, dear ? ", and duly catch the first possible train out of Basle !

Since Basle is in the unique position of having two foreign railway stations within its city's boundary, the French railway station and that of the German State Railways, travellers of other nationalities probably do the same thing, although they doubtless have no grouse against their own station buffets !

They miss a great deal, for while Basle is a comparatively small city, there is much to be seen in it. Its cultural life also attains an extremely high standard. The Basler—as the citizens are called—is both gay and witty, being far more cosmopolitan and broadminded than his counterpart in Zurich. One often hears them say : "What Basle does to-day, Zurich thinks about to-morrow"—and this should be regarded as by no means an empty boast.

Recently the great international airport of Basel-Mulhouse has been finished after ten years' work. Many fine new buildings whose architecture is noteworthy have also been constructed to house new industries that have been started.

For many years now the theatres and concerts in Basle have enjoyed an excellent reputation that extends far beyond Switzerland. In fact, Grock, the world-famous clown, always regarded a visit to Basle as his favourite engagement since he felt if he could please the Baslers, then he would succeed anywhere.

Fortunately, much of the old city has been preserved, particularly on Cathedral Hill, where such streets as the Rittergasse, Martinsgasse and the Augustinergasse are especially rich in medieval buildings. Beautiful fountains garlanded with gay flowers are a feature of these streets, which look just like an illustration from a fairy-tale book.

Flowing right through the heart of the town is the Rhine, spanned by six bridges dividing it into two quarters—Greater Basle on the left bank and Little Basle on the right. From the right bank extends the famous Rhine panorama, an enchanting view that looks over the Cathedral, the eighteenth-century residences of the Basle aristocracy, with their beautifully-kept gardens and the high, gabled roofs of medieval houses. A particularly lovely street on the right bank is the Rheinweg, whose houses are noted for their slender, graceful architecture.

Outstanding among the show-places of Basle is, of course, the world-renowned Art Gallery in the St. Albangraben. This gallery contains more of Hans Holbein the Younger's paintings than any other gallery in the world, as well as a priceless collection of his copperplate engravings.

Among Holbein's great works on exhibition are his portrait of Erasmus of Rotterdam, Adam and Eve painted in 1517, Holbein's wife and children, and his superb portrait of the dead Christ. The gallery also possesses a unique collection of masterpieces by Konrad Witz, Niklaus Manuel Deutsch, Arnold Böcklin and Ferdinand Hodler. Nineteenth- and twentieth-century art is represented by the works of Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, Braque and the Swiss artist Klee. An additional exhibition at the Kunsthalle, which has the title of "Art Treasures from Basle Private Collections," will be open during the summer.

Modern Basle, due to its unique geographical position, has become a large industrial centre rivalling Zurich in importance. Not only is it the headquarters of the Swiss Bank Corporation—Switzerland's largest banking organisation—but it is an extremely important banking centre in its own right, being the seat of the Bank for International Settlements and a number of insurance and forwarding companies.

The three main industries are chemical and pharmaceutical products—C.I.B.A., the immense chemical concern, has its main factories in the town ; silk ribbons and the production of a special sort of artificial silk called Schappe ; and the manufacture of electro-technical apparatus. Every spring the Swiss Industries Fair attracts visitors from all over the world.

Undoubtedly the greatest undertaking in Basle is the Rhine Harbour, just outside the city. Although the Rhine is 450 miles away from the sea at this point, commerce has demanded a dock area that extends over 220 acres. All the installations are of the most modern type, with six mechanical corn elevators, eleven grain silos, and a tank capacity of 20,000,000 gallons being provided for liquid fuels. Cargo-boats having a capacity up to 1,200 tons and Rhine barges loading 2,000 tons can use the port. In addition to this, passenger ships carrying 600 passengers maintain a service between Switzerland, Germany and France. In order to give some idea of the volume of this river traffic it is worth mentioning that more than 40 per cent. of Switzerland's total export trade, amounting to nearly 4,500,000 tons, is shipped annually from the Rhine Docks.

As has been said, the Baslers are a gay and witty lot, fond of convivial company and good living. Strangely enough, though they are justly proud of their 2,000-year-old city and her major achievements, they never fail to tell you one thing. "Don't forget," they will tell you at the end of a sightseeing tour followed by an unforgettable meal in one of Basle's excellent restaurants, "that D.D.T. was first discovered in Basle, just in case anyone should ever ask you where it was discovered ! "

That is the kind of remark no Züricher would ever have the sense of humour to make, and it is probably one of the main reasons why Grock is so fond of the Baslers.

A SECTION OF THE GREAT INLAND PORT OF SWITZERLAND : On the quays at Basle are many fine modern installations. Although the River Rhine at this point is 450 miles from the sea, the harbour outside the city extends over 220 acres. Vessels of considerable size berth here. Basle, which was founded by a Roman general in 44 B.C., is this month marking its 2,000th anniversary.

Contrasts in Basle

Ancient and Modern in the 2,000-Year-Old Swiss City

On left—

A BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE: It crosses the river in a busy part of Basle. Beyond is the Cathedral, the oldest parts of which date from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries. However, most of the structure had to be rebuilt after an earthquake in 1356 and the whole was thoroughly restored in the nineteenth century. With 2,000 years of history behind it, Basle is a storehouse of architectural treasures. But those who visit it this month during the celebrations of the anniversary of its foundation will also find a very modern commercial city.

THE CENTRE OF BASLE: The old chapel is on the bridge over the Rhine near the Cathedral, the twin towers of which are landmarks in the second largest city of Switzerland.

STORAGE FOR LIQUID FUEL IN THE INLAND HARBOUR: The tanks are some of the vast installations in the port of Basle, which has a storage capacity for 20,000,000 gallons of liquid fuel. The frontier town in Switzerland includes in its industries factories for chemical products, artificial silk and the manufacture of electro-technical apparatus.

On left—

THE TOWN HALL: In front of it is the market. The building is of sixteenth-century origin but it has been restored. A feature of it is the frescoes on the wall. Near this scene in the market-place is the statue of Lucius Munatius Plancus, the Roman general who was the founder of the colony of Augusta Raurica, from which Basle has developed through twenty centuries.

Above—

A MEDIEVAL GATE TO THE CITY: The Spalen-Tor, erected about 1400, is the finest of the remaining gates to Basle. Many of the houses running up to it are of the same period. There are other medieval streets surviving round the Cathedral. The city also has many fine art collections which will be on show in exhibitions during the anniversary celebrations.

AMERICAN LAWYERS IN LONDON

The Visit of the American Bar Association

It was a happy inspiration that this year the American Bar Association should hold its eightieth annual meeting partly in New York and partly in London. In Britain the joint hosts to the Americans were the Law Society, representing the solicitors, and the General Council of the Bar, representing the barristers. (In the American Bar the two branches of the legal profession are not so divided.) Westminster Hall was the ideal setting for the ceremony of welcome. The rich robes of the British judiciary may have contrasted with the more everyday clothes of the Americans, but it was at once apparent that there was common ground on both sides of the Atlantic in the approach to the fundamentals of justice. Indeed, the speech of the occasion undoubtedly came from Mr. Herbert Brownell, the Attorney-General of the United States, who made a memorable appeal for nothing less than a system of law on an international scale for the nations of the world.

In the brief space of a week there was an extremely crowded programme. Each morning, except Sunday, American and British colleagues conferred in sections on particular aspects of law. Four outstanding occasions were the Garden Party given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace; the speech by the Prime Minister in the Festival Hall; the visit to Runnymede for the unveiling of Sir Edward Maufe's memorial commemorating Magna Carta, and Sir Winston Churchill's speech at Guildhall. Also there were numerous social engagements arranged by many interested organisations and a variety of trips to historic centres for the American visitors.

Below—

A HISTORIC OCCASION: Members of the American Bar Association listen to one of the speeches in the ceremony of welcome in Westminster Hall. Many of the 3,000 American lawyers brought their wives.

BRITISH LAWYERS WELCOME THEIR AMERICAN COLLEAGUES: In the impressive ceremony in Westminster Hall, the Lord Chancellor is speaking. On his left are Mr. Ian D. Yearman, President of the Law Society, and Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney-General. English judges sit in the front of the platform, surrounded by leading members of the American Bar Association at the back and on both sides.

RECEPTION BY THE LAW SOCIETY: Hosts and guests are crowded in the Hall of the Law Society in Chancery Lane. This was one of the many social engagements arranged in London for the American lawyers.

ONE OF EUROPE'S RAREST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT BIRDS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME: A Spanish Imperial eagle and its nestling are on the nest in the crown of a stone pine tree on the Coto Doñana, in southern Spain. The striking picture by Eric Hosking was taken on the British ornithological expedition earlier this year. Its members studied and photographed for the first time this bird which is extremely rare in Europe. The adult eagle has dark chocolate plumage, a pale sandy crown and nape and snow-white markings on its shoulders. Its massive bill is pale blue. The nestling is about eighteen days old.

First Pictures of the Spanish Imperial Eagle

ERIC HOSKING'S Historic Photographs Taken During the Recent British Expedition to Southern Spain. With an Article By GUY MOUNTFORT (Leader of the Expedition)

THE British ornithological expedition of 1956 to the fabulous Coto Doñana, in southern Spain, concentrated chiefly on the herons and waders of the great marsh known as the *marismas* (THE SPHERE, July 28, September 8, October 13, 1956). The primary objective of the 1957 expedition was to study the many large birds of prey of the region and, if possible, to photograph one of Europe's rarest and most magnificent birds—the Spanish Imperial eagle. Only a few pairs of these eagles remain in southern Spain and Portugal and in northern Morocco.

In the complete seclusion of the well-protected Coto Doñana no fewer than six pairs find sanctuary; four were nesting when our expedition arrived in April. A major factor in this bird's struggle for survival, in a world in which almost every hand is against the large birds of prey, is that it is essentially an inhabitant of the plains, nesting usually in isolated trees where it is only too easily discovered. It therefore lacks the natural protection enjoyed by eagles which breed among inaccessible mountains. The nest we selected was in the crown of a stone pine, only 24 ft. from ground-level. It contained a downy nestling about ten days old and an infertile egg.

Photographing eagles is always exceptionally difficult and the risk of causing such a rarity to desert made us redouble our precautions. A pylon of tubular metal scaffolding was erected by very easy stages alongside the nest tree, a whole week being devoted to the task so that the eagles should have time to grow accustomed to the strange edifice growing up beside their home. The canvas hide was then lashed to the 30-ft. platform and the birds were left undisturbed for a further forty-eight hours. Finally, on May 12, Mr. Eric Hosking climbed up for the first attempt ever made to obtain pictures of these spectacular birds. He remained in the cramped tree-top cubicle for 9½ hours, in a temperature which by noon reached 96 degs.

It was six hours before the parent eagle returned, bearing a rabbit, which she quickly plucked and dismembered for the chick. Twelve minutes later she departed and was seen no more that day; but this was long enough for a superb series of photographs to be obtained. Later Hosking spent two more days in the hide, with even greater success. During the following three weeks Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke and Mr. George Shannon succeeded in filming the eagle at the nest and Mr. John Parrinder made sound recordings of the voices of the parent and nestling. In the course of the eighty-three hours which these observers and I passed in the hide, the domestic life of the Spanish Imperial eagle was finally and fully documented.

It was a thrilling experience to observe the eagle at close quarters and there was no doubt in our minds that we were watching the most magnificent of all the birds of prey of Europe. Its plumage was a dark chocolate-brown which, in the fierce sunlight, gleamed with a burnished violet gloss. Its crown and nape were whitish-buff and its massive bill pale blue with a darker tip. The most striking features, however, were the snow-white markings on the leading edges of the wings and on the upper back, which were clearly visible in distant flight. This is the distinguishing characteristic of the Spanish Imperial eagle, which is a geographically isolated race of the uniformly brown Imperial eagle of Asia Minor and parts of Asia.

The behaviour of the eagle was relaxed and confident to such a degree that when it left the nest it usually flew towards the hide, passing within 6 ft. of the observer with a mighty "whoosh whoosh" of its great wings. The male was never seen at the nest, but contented itself with bringing food to a nearby tree, where its mate went to collect it. Rabbits were the chief prey, but examination of the regurgitated pellets of bones, fur and feathers showed turtle-doves, red-legged partridges, mallard, wigeon, avocets magpies, azure-winged magpies, jackdaws and hares.

The young eagle was a great favourite with expedition members because of its consistently comical behaviour. Even while sleeping it continued to maintain this

(*Continued on following page*)

FEMALE AND CHICK ON THE NEST : The parent Spanish Imperial eagle has just alighted. The eighteen-day-old nestling is crying in an urgent and repeated thin falsetto and scrambling across the nest, supporting itself on its wing. Before dealing with any food which it has brought, the eagle alertly scans the horizon for any possible dangers.

PLAYTIME AFTER EATING : The young eagle p[lays] with a stick above a rabbit's remains and an i[nfla]tile eg[g]. The pine cone behind was one of its fav[our]ite toy[s].

THE GROWING EAGLET TAKES A MEAL : The young eagle is now over a month old. Its down is disappearing and its pale brown feathers are sprouting. It is being fed with morsels of meat by the parent. Rabbits provide the chief source of food, but Spanish Imperial eagles were also found to kill hares and a wide variety of birds.

MONARCHS OF ALL THEY SURVEY : This picture by Er[ic] Hosking shows the eaglet, with its crop bulging wi[th] food, sitting with its parent on the edge of the ne[st].

First Pictures of the Spanish Imperial Eagle

(*Continued from previous page*)

reputation by sprawling on its side, with one wing and one long leg extended and its head as often as not hanging sideways over the edge of the nest. Before mastering the use of its legs it sat balanced on its thighs, with its big yellow feet held vertically on either side of its head. On one such occasion it caught sight of its feet, drew back its head in apparent surprise, looked carefully from one to the other and then tried to swallow one of its toes ! One of the leg bones of a kid on which it had been fed was its favourite toy, and it played with it for hours. Sometimes it succeeded in swallowing one end and sat with the remaining two-thirds projecting grotesquely from its yellow-and-black bill, going through agonising contortions in attempts to swallow it. It also tried repeatedly to swallow the bone cross-wise.

Like most young creatures, it passed much of its early days in sleep. The nest was completely without shade until evening and I marvelled that the tiny bundle of life, protected from the fierce sun only by a coat of down, could survive day after day of pitiless heat. Stripped to the waist in the hide, I found the temperature almost unbearable, but refreshed myself periodically by pouring a little water over my head and shoulders. As the days passed, the young eagle developed with great rapidity.

At the time of my first visit, when it was eighteen days old, the first traces of brown were just beginning to show in symmetrical patches on its scapulars. Four days later the scapulars were solid brown and the tips of the emergent feathers of the wings and tail were already an inch long. A fortnight afterwards the nestling was almost as big as its parent and was well covered with *café au lait* feathers, leaving only its head and thighs in white down. Already narrow traces of white feathers could be seen on the shoulders of its wings, which were vigorously exercised at intervals.

As soon as the flying eagle was spotted, the nestli[ng] scrambled to its grotesquely long legs and began cry[ing] in an urgent falsetto, a thin, wheezy "*see-uk*." La[ter] on it introduced an infant version of the parent's dee[p] barking "*owk . . . owk*." It did this quite by chan[ce] during a session of play and tried it over with evide[nt] satisfaction, looking round jauntily to see whether t[he] performance had attracted attention.

Although the booted and short-toed eagles also ne[st] on the Coto Doñana and the golden and Bonelli's a[re] occasional visitors, the Spanish Imperials were clear[ly] the dominant birds. They were, nevertheless, subject[ed] to the mobbing to which all were liable if th[ey] incautiously or by design flew over the breeding-groun[ds] of the myriads of waders in the *marismas*. Lapwin[gs] and black-winged stilts were particularly courageous a[nd] packs of them could often be seen dive-bombing a[nd] yelping at an eagle, like small dogs hounding a lord[ly] Great Dane. As a rule, the eagles merely to[ok] leisurely evasive action, but a raven, which actual[ly] struck a Spanish Imperial on the rump, caused it [to] make off at top speed.

NEARLY FULL-GROWN: The young eagle is now almost as large as the parent, which has brought a rabbit to the nest.

AN OPERATION SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED: Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Britain's wartime C.I.G.S., comes down from the hide after making a film of the eagle.

On left—

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S HIDE: The canvas structure from which these pictures were taken was supported on a pylon 30 ft. high. The eagles' nest was in the crown of the tree immediately in front of it.

Below—

A GREAT FAVOURITE: Through all the stages of its development the nestling was a source of delight to the expedition.

There was scarcely a day when we did not observe hese eagles indulging their magnificent powers of flight. Play is an essential function to most birds of prey and part of the training of the young. On one occasion a pair of Spanish Imperials was seen slowly circling together at a great height, as though sparring for an opening to attack. One succeeded in getting behind the other and a game of tag developed. First one and then the other gained a position from which it could dive on its partner.

At the conclusion of the final attack the lower bird rolled over on its back and seized the outstretched talons of the other. Thus interlocked and crying repeatedly, they fell several hundred feet. They then separated, zoomed upwards again and repeated the game with every indication of enjoyment. It was impossible not to feel that they were rejoicing in an exhilarating experience.

(*Pictures by Mr. Eric Hosking of the short-toed eagle will be published in* THE SPHERE *on August* 17, *together with an article by Mr. Guy Mountfort. The photographs are probably the first ever taken of this bird.*)

THE OLD NAMES ARE DYING OUT

Some Country Names Change Very Quickly; in the Wheatfield the Tare is not what it used to be

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"THE Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also."

That parable made a tremendous impression upon me as a child. Not as a parable, of course: I feel sure that I had not the slightest idea what a parable was. And certainly not the "Kingdom of Heaven" part: that, I have no doubt, seemed a little remote at the time. No, it was the actual deed, the sowing of the tare seeds at dead of night, that so impressed me: indeed, horrified me. I thought that that was a really dirty trick. Our farmer was named Norsworthy, and I liked him very much. I could see in my mind's eye the enemies of Farmer Norsworthy creeping about his fields in the darkness and sowing tares. I thought how much one would have to hate a man to do a thing like that.

Every August I am reminded afresh of that parable and of Farmer Norsworthy. For it was he who first showed me a tare and—all unwittingly—made me wonder, doubtfully, about the parable. It is one of the incidents of my childhood that I remember most vividly.

It was a very hot day, and I was standing at a field gate, gazing through the bars (I was not tall enough to look over the gate) at the profusion of purple flowers edging the corn and listening to the hum of the bees rising from them, when Farmer Norsworthy came by. I asked him the name of the flowers, and he told me: "Tares," he said.

It was a shock to me. I had never imagined his enemies creeping about in the darkness, while men slept, sowing beautiful flowers like these. And the more I thought about it, the less likely it seemed. It occurred to me, even at that tender age, that they would be likely to choose something resembling wheat a little more closely. And, anyway, it was obvious that an enemy would not take all that trouble to sow tares unless they were harmful, and it was obvious to me as a country boy that, if these beautiful flowers were tares, they would, judging by the numbers of bees, be providing Farmer Norsworthy (who kept hives) with a pretty good honey harvest. I remember that I was so little satisfied about it all that I went and asked the Rector if it was really tares that the man sowed in the story in the Bible; and he said that it really was. After that I thought that the enemy in the story was a bit dim-witted.

The Rector was right, of course. But what the scholars responsible for the Authorised Version knew as the tare is a different plant from the one we know as the tare to-day. And what we know as the tare to-day is a different plant altogether from that which Farmer Norsworthy knew as the tare forty-five years or so ago.

What the translators of the Authorised Version knew as the tare was the plant we now know as darnel. Darnel belongs to the same family as the rye grass and is very similar in appearance to wheat. Hence the command that it should be left to the harvest, lest while men plucked the tares "they should root up also the wheat with them." The translators of the Authorised Version, it seems to me, knew their weeds very well. And there is another point about darnel which should not be forgotten: it is very poisonous to cattle. I misjudged that enemy. He knew his stuff.

It is strange to find that Shakespeare, contemporary with the translators of the Authorised Version as he was and true countryman as he was, never uses the word "tare." Darnel, he knew. He mentions it three times: in *Henry V*, in *Henry VI, Part I*, and in *King Lear*:

> Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
> In our sustaining corn.

The conclusion is, I think, inescapable. "Tare" was not a word used by Warwickshire folk; at least, not in this connection.

Shakespeare also knew another weed of cornfields—the corn cockle. This is the plant with the beautiful purple flower which stands almost as high as the ripening ears of corn. He mentions it in *Coriolanus* and again in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

> *Allons! Allons!* Sowed cockle reaped no corn.

This was the flower I gazed at as a child that hot summer day. And this was the flower that Farmer Norsworthy called a "tare."

But now, in the self-same district and less than half a century later, the plant is called by the name that Shakespeare knew (and which is the name in the books), corn cockle. And now, in the self-same district, the "tare" is the hairy vetch, which again is the name in the books. In my youth the hairy vetch was just a vetch. Darnel, however, is darnel: now, as in my childhood. I do not think it has ever been anything else. But this is not so all over the country. I was recently talking to an old farm labourer in Bedfordshire, and he knew darnel as "tares." I wonder if one of the translators of the Authorised Version was a Bedfordshire man?

Country folk are very conservative, so it is doubly odd that some country names should change so very quickly. Why should the "tare" of Farmer Norsworthy have become the corn cockle in so short a space of time? Why, if you were to ask any country child in this district to point out a tare, should he point to a vetch, when his parents almost certainly, and his grandparents certainly, would have pointed to a corn cockle? The old names are dying out even among the middle-aged. Why should a middle-aged man now call the corn cockle corn cockle, when as a boy he would certainly have called it a tare? It is only among the old folk that I hear the old names now, and then not often.

It has happened to other names, too. When I was a boy, no one, hereabouts, spoke of the mountain ash, nor yet the rowan. The tree was the quick beam. You may still find old Hampshire folk, especially in the New Forest, who call it the "quicken," but quick beam now means nothing to "educated" people in the Forest. Once tansy wine was a common (and heady) drink, and most of the village housewives made tansy cakes at Easter. All these things seem to have gone: the drink, the cakes, the name. You hardly ever hear tansy now: it is bachelor's buttons or bitter buttons. And I wonder why the old name died so quickly.

The radio cannot be blamed for this: by and large we listen to the lighter portions of the Light Programme. Television cannot be held responsible. And I should doubt very much if universal education has had anything to do with it. (In my experience, most village schoolteachers learn their natural history from their pupils and not the other way round!) It is true that these are the names in the books: but floras are not common, let alone popular, reading in these parts. It is all very mysterious.

But, though the ways of men may change, the ways of Nature do not. Here, in the south country, I see to-day what I saw as a child and hear what I heard then—the tares (oh, sorry, the corn cockle!) in blossom and a myriad bees at the feast. I used to think—it seems so obvious, seeing the luxuriance of the flower and hearing the bee-song rising from it—that the bees were on the blossoms. But if you look closely you will find that there is not a single hive-bee on the purple flowers. Look more closely still, and you will see that the bees are working on the green stems and leaf-stalks and ignoring the flowers altogether.

At the base of each shoot there is a small green projection, shaped rather like the fin of a fish, and in the middle of it there is a small cavity, dark purple in colour, and in this cavity you will see a drop of what looks like dew. It was the late Tickner Edwardes, parson and bee-master, who first showed me this drop and at the same time gave me an invaluable lesson in observation. For it is this drop that the hive-bees are gathering.

IN THE WHEATFIELD: The plants from left are—darnel; tansy or bachelor's buttons, and corn cockle. The flower in the foreground, *on right*, has been superimposed to show the arrangement of the petals. *On left*—A honey-bee worker.

EARS OF WHEAT: They have been gathered from the same crop during the same season. From left the comparisons are: a normal crop; ears from plants attacked by ribbon-footed corn fly, corn snowfly, hessian fly and wheat midge; and, on the extreme right, an ear which has been rifled by sparrows.

Tare-honey—it is a funny thing, but, despite the change in the name, I have not yet heard it called corn cockle honey here, or anywhere else for that matter: it is always tare-honey—is one of the most choice and most prized productions of the hive, but it is not flower honey at all.

Of course, there is plenty of nectar to be gathered from the blossoms themselves, but the only bees that you will find on the flowers are humble-bees. It is not that the big humble-bees have driven off the small hive-bees. The reason is that the tongue of the humble-bee is long enough to reach this blossom-nectar, whereas the tongue of the hive-bee is too short to do so. But nature has provided consolation for the honey-bee—and for us.

NEW YORK BY THE SEA: The aerial view shows the boardwalk and beach at Rockaway, Queens, New York, crowded with people on July 21 when the temperature rose to 97 degs. This was the City's highest temperature for nearly two years. The reading had been recorded at the Weather Bureau's station which, as it is situated on top of the skyscraper at the Battery, would have the benefit of any breeze. Thousands of people flocked to the city's beaches to spend a few hours "cooling off." At Coney Island, the crowd at one time was estimated at 1,250,000.

On left—

A POPULAR SPOT: The crowded beach is at Coney Island, in Brooklyn. On the left of the boardwalk, opposite the long pier and close to the particularly crowded section of the beach, is the parachute jump, one of the attractions of the amusement park.

THE BEACHES OF NEW YORK

Crowds Flock to the Beaches During the City's Heat Wave

A SERVICE IN PROGRESS 800 FT. BELOW THE GROUND: Mass is being celebrated at an altar in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Rosario, which has been fashioned out of a gigantic cavern in a salt mine at Zipaquira, thirty-two miles north of Bogota, in Colombia. Eight years ago the cavern was discovered by miners and since then they have worked to convert it into one of the world's most remarkable places of worship. It holds a congregation of 5,000 people and services are held regularly.

Cathedral in a Salt Mine

A Vast Cavern 800 ft. Underground in Colombia has been Converted into a Place of Worship

The much-abused word "unusual" can justifiably be applied to the Cathedral of Our Lady of Rosario at Zipaquira, in Colombia. Here Christians worship, as did the early members of their faith, in a catacomb deep below the ground. Not, let it be added, that the Colombians of to-day have any fear of religious persecution. It just happens that the natural grandeur of a salt mine has provided them with a splendid and unique church.

Zipaquira, thirty-two miles north of Bogota, has a salt mine covering several hundred square miles which has been a source of wealth to the country for centuries. It was worked by the natives long before the Conquistadors arrived from Europe. To-day salt is a Colombian Government monopoly and the mine is leased to the State-owned Bank of the Republic. Output in 1956 was over 172,000 tons.

EXTRACTING SALT: Miners are at work in a vault near the Cathedral. The salt, initially black, is boiled with iodide of potassium and becomes white. Then it is dried in baskets.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SALT CATHEDRAL: The massive iron gate is at the end of one of the three main aisles, each of which is 400 ft. long and 73 ft. in height. Cars can drive on a mile-long road in the mine right up to this gate.

Eight years ago the manager of the mine reported to the bank that his men had come upon a vast cavern 800 ft. underground. Upon inspection of it, mine and bank officials and the others concerned found they all shared the same thought. The lofty cave, in which the roof was supported by gigantic squarish columns spaced in almost perfect symmetry, gave the impression of a cathedral. And a cathedral, it was decided, it should become.

The start of this ambitious project was a dedication ceremony by the Papal Nuncio. Then work began to fashion it into shape, the cavern resounding with the sound of pneumatic drills, blasting explosions and the hammering of pavers laying the tiled floor, the area of which is approximately 28,000 sq. ft. Now the Cathedral is finished. Services are held every Sunday and on Feast Days and there is room for a congregation of 5,000 worshippers.

The most profound impression created by the church is its size. The nave, which reaches a height of 73 ft., is flanked by two equally high side aisles. Fluorescent lighting gives the effect of the rays of the sun coming through stained-glass windows. The great supporting columns which form the pillars are each about 30 ft. square and the walls and roof are of gun-metal grey, the natural colour of salt. (The mineral becomes white only after being washed.)

The interior has a number of chapels, as well as a high altar, and there are several figures of saints, the most notable being of Our Lady of Rosario, who is the Patron Saint of miners. An organ is soon to be installed.

The entrance to the Cathedral is through a massive wrought-iron gate which lies at the end of a twisting road which runs down deep underground from the top of the mine about a mile away. The road is well-lit and marked with arrow signs to guide the motorist and pedestrian. Near the gate into the Cathedral is a space for parking some 200 cars. This must be one of the few car parks deep down in a mine anywhere.

Motorists pay a small fee for entering the mine, but there is no extra charge for the park. For all visitors, many of whom walk down from the mine head, the Cathedral is open every day without any charge for admission. Needless to say, it is a great attraction and draws thousands of tourists every year. The cost of the construction of the church (so far well over £100,000 has been spent) has been met by the bank from the profits of the mine.

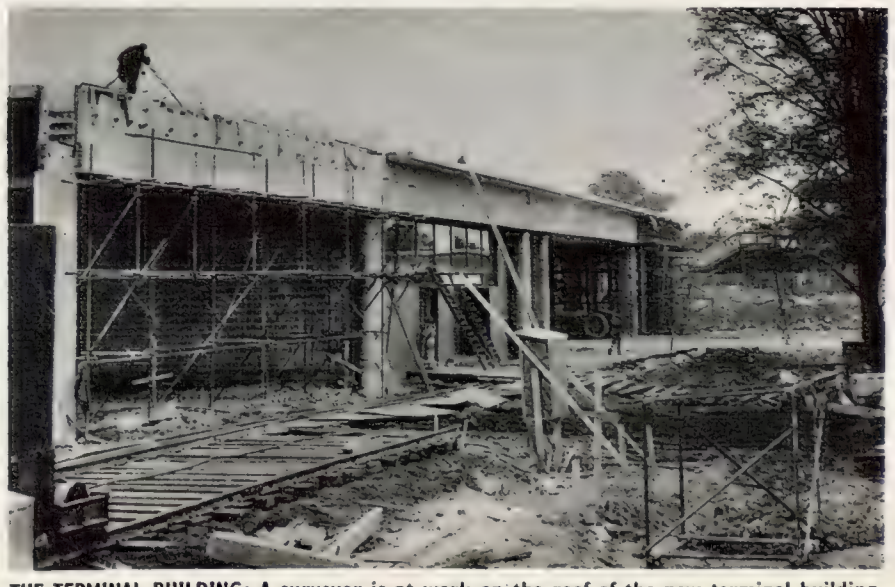
THE NEW RUNWAYS SEEN FROM THE AIR: This view by Aerofilms, looking west, shows the extent of the new runways at Gatwick Airport, in Surrey. Running across the foreground is the Southern Region railway line to Brighton. The platforms of the old Gatwick racecourse railway station, in the right foreground, are being reconstructed to serve the new air terminal buildings which are seen behind the station. The diverted Brighton road comes in at the extreme right foreground.

PROGRESS AT GATWICK NEW AIRPORT

A Unique Air Terminal will be Ready for Service Next Spring

The first section of the Gatwick Airport development scheme—the diversion of the London to Brighton road which will run underneath the airport's terminal building and provide access to it by ramped approaches leading to an elevated roundabout—will be opened to the general public on August 1. Mr. Airey Neave, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, visited the site recently. He said that the airport would go into service next spring as "the first airport in the world to combine air, rail and road transport in one unit," permitting passengers to travel directly to and from the airport and avoiding the need for a town air terminal. The terminal building will have its own railway station on the main Brighton line. The cost of the airport will be £6,800,000.

THE NEW CONTROL TOWER: Workmen can be seen on the tubular steel scaffolding erected around the new control tower at Gatwick Airport. It is being constructed at the north end of the main runway and is a mile west of the terminal building.



THE TERMINAL BUILDING: A surveyor is at work on the roof of the new terminal building. Passengers arriving at Gatwick for their flights will now walk under cover along a pier between the main building and their aircraft instead of having to use airport buses.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

NOTE : The figures shown approximate to price grades. No. 1 is top grade.

FRANCE	
Champagnole	*Ripotot* (2)
Evian-les-Bains	*La Verniaz* (1)
Menton	*Venise et Continental* (1)
	Pin Doré (2)
ITALY	
Fasano	*Bella Riva* (2)
Limone	*Principe* (2)
Balme	*Pinete* (3)
Torre Pellice	*Bellavista* (3)
Camogli	*Cenobio dei Dogi* (1)
SPAIN	
Palma	*Victoria* (1)
Ronda	*Victoria* (2)
Algeceiras	*Reina Cristina* (1)
Marbella	*Club Marbella* (1)
Estepona	*Santa Marta* (1)
Cadiz	*Atlantico* (1)
Almuñecar	*Pension Montemir* (3)
Castell de Ferro	*Meson Castell* (2)
AUSTRIA	
Velden (Woerthersee)	*Schloss* (1)
Alpbach	*Boglerhof*
SWITZERLAND	
Ascona	*Casa Tamaro* (2)
Locarno	*Park* (1)

HOLIDAY INSURANCES

On the principle that it 's better to be safe than sorry, I give a list of some of the most important insurance facilities which are available to travellers. Your travel agent should be able to advise you.

(i) *Camera Insurance.*—The premium is modest. Best to take an annual policy.

(ii) *Baggage Insurance.*—This is the most essential policy. Insure for the full value of all baggage, including what you wear. The rate for a fortnight's holiday abroad is only a few shillings for £100.

(iii) *Personal Accident Insurance.*—This may not be needed if you already have a policy covering accidental death or loss of limbs, or eyes, and a weekly disablement benefit. No medical examination is necessary, but make sure that the policy does not exclude special activities, such as mountaineering or motor-cycling.

(iv) *Medical Expenses Insurance.*—This policy indemnifies you in the event of sickness, including medical and hospital fees, extra hotel expenses, etc.

(v) *Personal Money Insurance.*—A safeguard against loss of money, including travellers' cheques.

(vi) *Weather Insurance.*—Safeguards you in case your holiday is ruined by rainy weather. Premiums vary according to the resorts.

TWO BRITISH LINERS AT HONOLULU

A DOUBLE ARRIVAL AT THE PORT IN THE HAWAIAN ISLANDS : This picture which recently reached London shows the Orient liners *Orcades* (foreground) and *Orsova* steaming together into Honolulu at the end of June. The former was northbound on a cruise round the world and the latter southbound from the U.S.A. to Sydney. *Orcades* returned to Britain a fortnight ago and sails for Australia next week.

The Sphere of Travel

"A FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER"

Some Suggestions for Those who wish to take a Holiday on the Continent Late in the Season

By GORDON COOPER

AN early autumn holiday is the one I like best. At this tail-end of the holiday season the resorts are much less crowded, while it is usually easier to get satisfactory accommodation. I stress this latter point especially, for much of the success of a stay away from home depends on pleasing lodgings and good meals. The summer tourist has often to put up with what he can get, and judging by what I have myself experienced recently abroad, this can frequently be inferior but costly.

Another point I would emphasize concerns noise. For most people a holiday is primarily a rest. Yet in many resorts noisy motor traffic, especially motor-cycles and heavy lorries, prevents a good night's rest, although the use of ear-plugs helps to lessen the din. In some of these towns "Zones of Silence" have been established, but this compulsory silence is rarely taken seriously by the local inhabitants, for it applies only to motor-horns, not to the far more irritating exhausts. Italy is the worst offender in this respect. I believe, therefore, many readers will welcome suggestions about some recommended hotels where they can get tranquillity, good food and pleasant surroundings.

Starting with France, where I am convinced you get on an average the best value in Europe to-day, I take you to Champagnole, in the Jura, Evian-les-Bains, on Lake Léman, and Menton : a choice of mountain, lake and sea.

While Michelin only gives it one star and a black canary ("a good meal in its class" and "quiet site"), I feel sure that the delightful, somewhat old-fashioned Hotel Ripotot, in Champagnole, will get further stars from anyone who decides to stay there. Tucked away in a small town in the Jura, it is my idea of the perfect hostelry. The family who own and run it know their job : superb cuisine, pleasant public rooms and a garden, comfortable beds, smiling service.

The cuisine merits a special mention. For 950 francs (service and taxes included) the menu offered me a delicious soup (not from a tin or made from powders), trout, the choice of calf's liver or steak, potatoes, sweets and fruit. For 1,500 francs (Gastronomic Menu) there was chicken *pâté* with truffles, a whole boiled trout, *bouquetière de légumes*, *poulet de Bressi rôti*, salad, cheese and fruits. The many-paged wine-list makes entrancing reading, while the prices are moderate, especially for the excellent wines of Arbois. I found the local *Vin Fou* as delicious a sparkling wine as I could wish for. Altogether, even Lucullus would be content at the Ripotot, where the pension price is about 45s. a day. This hotel, however, closes at the end of September.

Champagnole stands at a height of 1,800 ft., and the air is like champagne. Never have I slept better. All around are great forests, open valleys, lovely lakes and rippling trout streams. It is a good centre, too, for excursions : to Arbois, Dôle and Besançon, for instance. Nor is the town difficult to reach. My own journey was made by Lingebuss from Paris, with a lunch-halt at gastronomically-famous Saulieu.

La Verniaz, standing high above Evian-les-Bains and looking out over Lake Léman, is another hotel with a Michelin star and a canary ; there are, by the way, only 600 one-star restaurants in all France. Here you lodge in chalets dotted about a park. Of course, if you should be taking the waters at this spa, the Rotisserie at La Verniaz should be shunned, for it offers dreadful temptations, including its specialities : *Terrine truffée aux foies de volaille*, salmon trout, and chicken cooked on a spit. The wine-list is exceptional, the Crépy wine delicious. This hotel, by the way, offers horse-riding facilities, while its environment is beautiful and peaceful. Yet it has the advantage that by funicular you can reach Evian itself in a few minutes, where there is a casino and opportunities for bathing and excursions around the lake.

My last French selection, Menton, may seem rather hackneyed. Yet its popularity with generations of British visitors is fully merited. By September, in any case, the crowds of summer tourists have departed and a certain elegant charm returns to this most sheltered of all resorts on the French Riviera.

While Menton may not rank as high as Monte Carlo or Nice (both towns are, of course, within easy reach) as an excursion centre, yet as a base for walks it is first by a long way ; the valleys and hillsides offer an inexhaustible field for the most delightful tramps, and the panoramas are unequalled along this highly scenic coast. The hotels, too, know how to cater for our tastes.

Italy, for me, is generally too hot during the summer months, but it is delightful in September. Here again I will offer suggestions for lakeside, mountain and seaside holidays. For the lakeside, my selection is the Hotel Bella Riva at Fasano, on Lake Garda. During a recent tour of Italy, when I stayed in thirty hotels, I regarded this as being the one I liked best. It lies right by the lakeside, has a lovely garden, and I was fully satisfied with food and service. Whether Lake Garda is the most beautiful of the Italian lakes is a matter of personal taste, but I would be quite content to return there again.

Piedmont is generally ignored by tourists, yet it has several lovely valleys which run westwards from the fertile plains into the Alps. The only resorts of importance are Bardonecchia, Claviere and Sestriere, all lying fairly close to one another. But for those who seek complete quiet, I recommend Limone and Balme, both set in fine mountain surroundings. For those with historical interests, there are the Waldensian valleys, where you will find the successors to the Protestant communities whose persecution aroused Milton to his famous sonnet. These people still lead their simple lives, and at Bobbio Pellice, one of their villages, I saw Cromwell's Wall, a dam built with money sent by the Lord Protector. Nearby Torre Pellice is perhaps the best centre in which to stay.

Camogli, one of the most typical fishing ports on the Italian Riviera, has long lacked a satisfactory hotel. This want has now been remedied, for a former convent has been converted into a delightful hotel, the Cenobio dei Dogi. Its position is superb ; rock bathing is available, and it is quiet—which cannot be said for many hotels along this coast. Pension terms are about £3 10s. a day.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

French Govt. Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly*, *W.1.*
Italian State Tourist Dept., 201, *Regent Street*, *W.1.*
Austrian State Tourist Dept., 219 *Regent Street*, *W.1.*
Spanish State Tourist Office, 70, *Jermyn Street*, *S.W.1.*
Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, *Strand*, *W.C.2.*
Lammin Tours, 67, *Blenheim Terrace*, *N.W.8.*

RESORT ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA WHICH HAS BEEN POPULAR WITH GENERATIONS OF BRITISH TOURISTS: Menton is sheltered by the mountains and hills surrounding it and has perhaps the mildest climate on the Riviera. In the distance are San Remo and the shores of Italy. By September most of the summer tourists have departed from Menton and charm and elegance have returned. It is a first-class centre for walks and the views around the town are unrivalled along this highly scenic coast.

In Spain, all the worthwhile hotels on the Costa Brava and in Majorca are already booked up for September but you might find a travel agent with vacant reservations. I advise you, however, to be careful in your choice of an hotel, for I am not at all satisfied with the standards of cuisine in many establishments, specially those of recent construction. In Palma, however, I give full marks to the Victoria, excellently situated and with the best swimming-pool there.

Andalusia is delightful in the autumn, and it can be easily reached by B.E.A. and Hunting-Clan air services to Gibraltar, and by Iberia Airlines via Madrid. September is an ideal month for exploring the three art cities of Seville, Granada and Cordoba, while Ronda (2,500 ft.) is the pick of the mountain resorts. This small town, set in a circle of mountains, lies some 30 miles from Jerez, and it is also on a branch railway which links Bobadilla with Algeceiras. Perched on the edge of a dizzy gorge which at one point is nearly 500 ft. deep, Ronda has a strange atmosphere of its own, and its setting is unforgettable. There are good opportunities for walking and riding excursions.

For those who wish to be beside the sea, I offer six varied suggestions: Algeceiras, Marbella, Estepona, Cadiz and, for those with simple tastes and escapist tendencies, Almuñecar and Castell de Ferro. In each case my choice is linked with recommended hotels. I must stress this point, otherwise you may possibly be disappointed with the accommodation.

All the above, with the exception of Cadiz, have nearby bathing facilities. At Cadiz the superb beach is three miles away, but is easily reached, while the Hotel Atlantico has its own swimming-pool. This historic city has its own special appeal. It is a paradise for the artist and the imaginative dawdler. The contrasting hues of the sky and the sea and the whiteness of the houses make a striking impression. Nor must I omit to mention the Alameda, one of the loveliest of public gardens. Few places could be pleasanter in which to sit and sip your "manzanilla" and get your fingers messy eating delicious prawns, with the prospect of enjoying for your lunch a wonderful dish of oyster stew at a neighbouring restaurant.

Finally, just a brief mention of two recommendations in Austria and another two in Switzerland. In the former country there is the Woerthersee, in Carinthia, where in this warm-water lake bathing continues until the end of October. Then, in Tyrol, there is my favourite Alpbach, an old village situated in the heart of a romantic Alpine environment.

For Switzerland, the autumn is particularly delightful in the Ticino, and the sunshine lingers long at the resorts by Lake Maggiore. Ascona would be my first choice, with Locarno a runner-up. Off the beaten track, I consider Gais, in north-east Switzerland, a splendid centre from which to explore the fascinating Appenzell countryside. It is easily reached from St. Gall.

NOTE.—Two pleasant luxury coach tours available in September are (*a*) round Sicily, travelling there and back by air, and (*b*) a fortnight in Portugal, where private bathrooms are supplied with the rooms in all the hotels used. Both these are Lammin Tours.

TOPICAL NOTES

The judgment of Solomon has been brought to bear by the Wagons-Lits Company on where their passengers occupying a three-berth "tourist" sleeping compartment shall sit during the day. Up to now there has been a good deal of confusion and, indeed, some dissension, which their conductors have had to settle on the spot. To avoid further acrimony, it has now been decided that whoever occupies the upper berth will be allowed to sit by the window, and whoever occupies the lower berth has the option of sitting next to the corridor. The passenger, however, who enjoys the possible luxury of the middle berth, betwixt and between, as it were, will continue to occupy that position in the compartment when the seats are made up for the day. He will sit between the other two! What could be fairer than that?

The Logis de France have become quite well known in this country as being hotels which have agreed to adopt set standards at reasonable prices. This year's annual guide contains details of over 1,000 hotels covering practically the whole of France in all kinds of out-of-the-way places. They appeal particularly to the motorist. Prices vary, but it is surprising what you can still get for 1,000 francs. If you would like a copy, the French Tourist Office in London should be able to supply it.

W.D.C.C.

A MONORAIL RUNS ITS TRIALS

Testing the Alweg Monorail Track at Cologne, in Germany

The Alweg Monorail which recently underwent its first trials in the presence of the public and officials, at Fühlingen, near Cologne, in Germany, has been built by German technicians and engineers under the direction of Dr. Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist. Work on its development has been in progress since 1951 and pictures of the scale model were reproduced in THE SPHERE in 1952. At that time the model was described as having wheels set high inside the coach with flanges to grip the single rail. When travelling on bends it was designed to lean over at an angle approaching 45 degrees. It was further stated that a full-size train of this kind, carrying 200 passengers, could reach 100 m.p.h. on suburban runs.

At the test run of the first full-size Monorail train at Cologne last week, the train consisted of two coaches which ran along the concrete-based rail for a distance of 1¼ miles. Dr. Wenner-Gren was on board the train and it reached a speed of 50 m.p.h., although it could have gone much faster. It has been announced that the company's tender to build a monorail track at Sao Paulo, in Brazil, in the near future, has been accepted, and that the rails will cover a distance of 60 miles.

GERMANY'S MONORAIL RUNS ITS TRIALS : The Alweg Monorail, built under the direction of Dr. Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist, is seen during trials at Cologne. The first permanent Alweg monorail track is expected to be built in Brazil.

THE TWO-COACH TRAIN IS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES : It is 66 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. During the tests on the circular track, which is 1¼ miles long, it reached a speed of 50 m.p.h. In view of safety precautions, it was not travelling at top speed.

ALL ABOARD : The train is at the station on the test track. Mr. Wenner-Gren was on the train for its first public run. Since 1951 he has spent over £1,500,000 on its development. The pylons which support the monorail are about 15 ft. high and the rail is 3 ft. thick. Weighted metal clamps are carried by the coach to "bind" it to the monorail. All sections of the line, including the supports, which can be either of concrete or steel, can be prefabricated.

On left—

CRUISING ALONG ON THE CONCRETE-BASED SINGLE TRACK : The two-coach train is seen from a distance as it sped along the track. It has been developed by German engineers and technicians.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BIGGER TANKERS FOR WORLD OIL FLEETS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN you see it discharging at an oil jetty off the Isle of Grain, a 32,000-ton tanker like the British Petroleum Company's *British Sailor* looks a big ship to the landlubber. Four years ago it looked a big ship to B.P., too. The company ordered its first of this size in 1950, and still own less than a dozen ships of more than 30,000 tons deadweight, though many more are under construction for it. Quite recently, B.P. leaned towards conservatism in its tanker building, letting other companies—and, more particularly, the independent tanker fleet owners like Onassis and Niarchos—make the running in this race for bigness. Some months ago, B.P. placed its first order—with Swan Hunter—for a tanker twice the size of the *British Sailor*. It has now in all seven 65,000-tonners on order, all to be built at British shipyards, as well as nine of 50,000 tons deadweight. Shell has "rated up" certain of the tankers in its £23,000,000 building programme to 60,000 tons or more.

No major oil company has yet chased Onassis and Niarchos into the range of 85,000-100,000 tons where these adventurous but extremely shrewd businessmen are now ordering tankers. But the companies' move upward to "crude carriers" of 65,000 tons is of tremendous significance—accepting the full implications of what can fairly be described as a post-war revolution in the seaborne movement of petroleum.

The magnitude and rapidity of that shift can best be expressed by recording that it was not until the late '40's that any tanker of more than 20,000 tons deadweight entered the world oil fleet; and that even to-day some 90 per cent. of the 3,500-odd vessels that carry oil round the world are of less than 30,000 tons. This tanker revolution is essentially economic and technological: but the latest moves in it have been partly dictated by politics.

The petroleum tank ship is a nigh-perfect example of "the economies of scale." As it gets bigger it gets cheaper to build, more efficient to propel, and more profitable—on the right sea routes—to operate. To build a tanker of 30,000 tons deadweight to-day may cost the shipowner say £85 a ton, or about £2,500,000, but he may get oil-carrying capacity for less than £80 a ton if he buys it in units of 65,000 tons.

The financial savings in initial costs reflect economies in material, power, and manning. A new tanker, built to carry 65,000 tons of oil, requires much less than twice the steel and the labour needed to build two 32,000-tonners like the *British Sailor*. The same goes for the engines—less horsepower and hence less fuel per ton of oil carried for the same speed: and for the tanker crew, which is little larger than that of a tanker half the size. Where does this end? Would a 130,000-ton tanker be as much more economical than two of the 65,000-tonners now being built? Some tanker operators will argue that advantages accrue much farther up the scale; but technical complications begin to thin down the savings.

Ships of much over 50,000 tons d.w. may require heavier steel plate. The maximum propulsion obtainable from a single screw is about 20,000-25,000 shaft h.p., which will push a 65,000-tonner through the sea at say 18 knots, or something much bigger, 80,000-100,000 tons, at 14-15 knots. Beyond that, one would have to go to twin screws—which would push costs up.

Even a 65,000-ton tanker is a very big ship—something over 800 ft. long, drawing 40 ft. of water—roughly the size of a liner such as the *Ile de France*—and tanker fleet owners may be forgiven a little caution in wishing to operate a few of these ships for a few years before investing say £5,000,000 apiece in much larger ships. But the economic "limiting factors" that have decided the major oil companies are not a matter of caution. They are highly practical facts: essentially the number of places around the world where tankers have to go that can accommodate vessels of this size.

One of these places, last year, became the centre of a political crisis. But the Suez Canal is only one of the sea channels, anchorages and dry-docks that determine the size of tanker that the major companies—whose business is supplying oil, not picking particular routes where a given big tanker can make big money—can operate economically. One may never see B.P.'s 65,000-tonners putting oil into the Isle of Grain refinery. The Thames fairway cannot at present take such a vessel.

At the moment, the only oil terminals to which B.P. could run such a ship would be Finnart on Loch Long, which serves its Grangemouth refinery. It is building a pipeline from its Llandarcy refinery near Swansea to Angle Bay, in Milford Haven, that magnificent landlocked western anchorage: Esso has bought land in the same area. Shell will serve its great Stanlow refinery from such big ships with a terminal near Tranmere.

BRITAIN'S EXPANDING TANKER FLEET—ANOTHER 32,000 DEADWEIGHT-TON TANKER NEARS COMPLETION: The *British Trader*, which is being built for the B.P. Tanker Co. Ltd., at the Clydebank yard of John Brown (Clydebank), Limited, is shown shortly before her launching in June. She is 664¾ ft. long overall and 85½ ft. wide. The *British Trader* is one of the fourteen of the same type to be ordered by the company.

Sixty-five thousand is the magic tonnage for the major companies that have to haul petroleum from the Middle East. Such a tanker could just go through the Suez Canal, by filling its holds only two-thirds full and riding higher in the water. Even so, it will be able to carry oil to Western Europe about as cheaply as a 38,000-42,000-ton tanker that can pass the Canal loaded, and more cheaply than anything smaller. If the Canal were closed, a 65,000-tonner would have to steam about half as far again to get to Europe. But it could carry half as much oil again, so that the cost of transport would remain about the same. No bigger tanker can do both jobs so neatly.

But even a 65,000-tonner represents a substantial investment—one that costs money all the time. It can earn money by carrying oil for only half of its working life, since its return trips to the Middle East are in ballast. And the operating profits obtainable on a tanker that an oil company owns can fluctuate very sharply, in accordance with rates in the volatile tanker market for chartered ships. Not many ports in the world that have facilities can take ships such as this. In building them, a company is sacrificing some of its fleet's flexibility in moving oil.

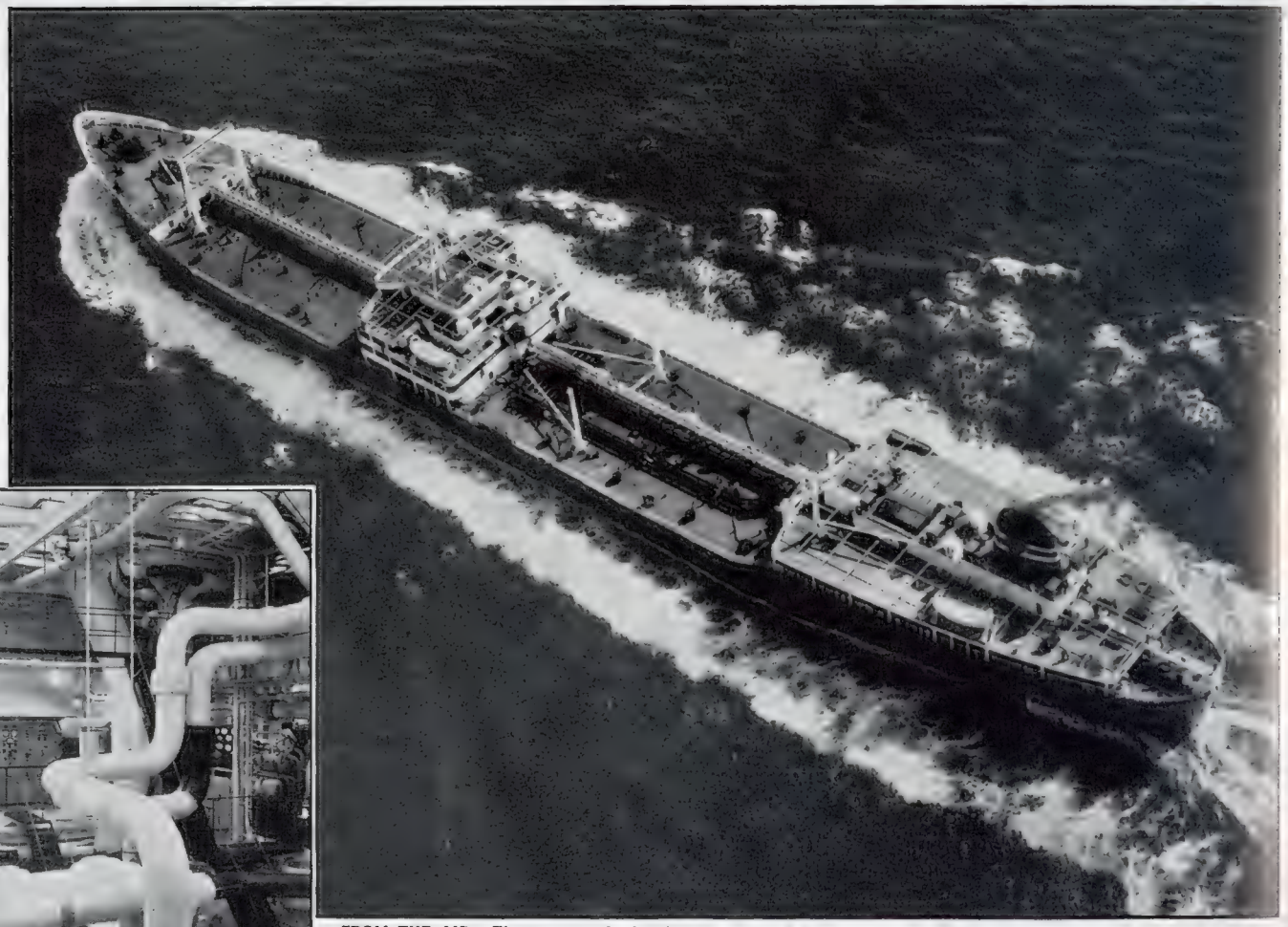
The wave of world tanker ordering that followed last year's dispute over the Suez Canal, plus ships already on order, will be enough to double the carrying capacity of the world fleet. At the moment, not everyone in oil is certain that the world will need to move twice as much oil in five years' time. Moreover, the reopening of the Canal this spring, suddenly easing the heavy pressure on the existing fleet, has brought rates in the tanker market down to exceptionally low levels. In the oil industry to-day there is no lack of prudent advice to tanker operators to go slow on ordering more tankers now—and some experts are indeed predicting that some tankers now on order may be cancelled. Last month, B.P. laid up a number of small tankers, shortly after announcing its building programme of giants. But this is not deterring it and the other major companies from pressing forward the building of these huge crude carriers, and from investigating new types of tanker, including the possibility, no longer remote, of vessels powered by nuclear energy. The oil industry is used to "the problem of surges." It is also firmly geared to expansion.

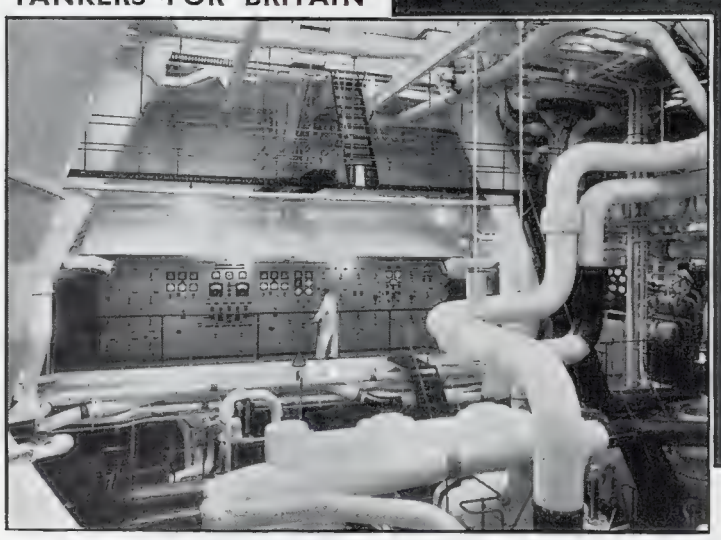
Pictures of expanding tanker production in Britain will be found on the following page.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

NEW TANKER DESIGN: This is an artist's impression of the new type of super-tanker being built for the B.P. Tanker Company, shipping organisation of the British Petroleum Company. Ships from 42,000 to 65,000 dwt. tons will be of similar design, the most noticeable features of which are the streamlined superstructure, masts and funnel. In addition to other ships which have been ordered by the company, B.P. have announced a building programme comprising twenty-six new tankers, totalling about 1,150,000 dwt. tons. The programme includes seven ships of 65,000 dwt. tons and nine of 50,000 dwt. tons. They are to be built in British yards and are to be delivered between 1960 and 1963.

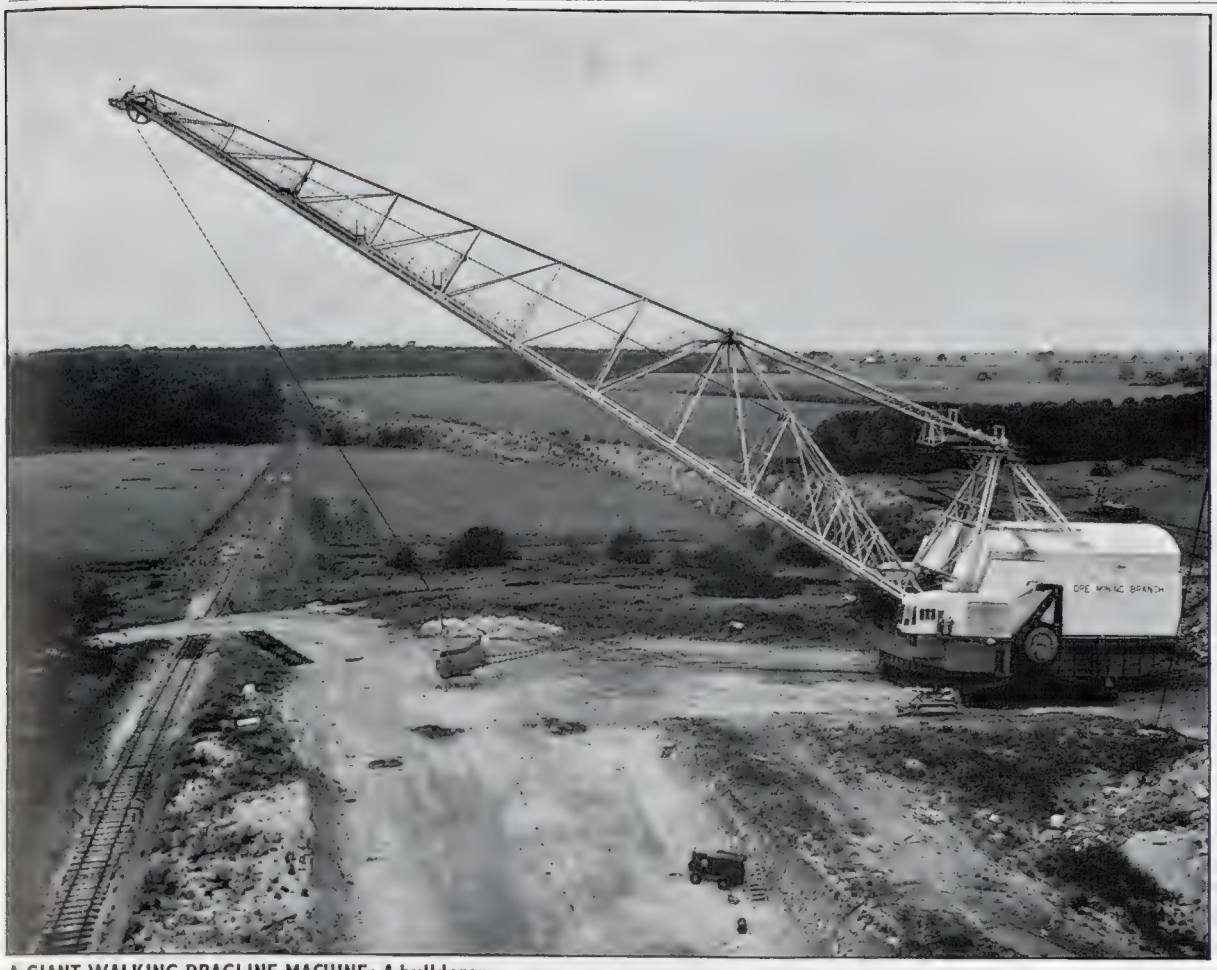
TANKERS FOR BRITAIN





FROM THE AIR: The camera looks down on the B.P.'s massive 32,000-ton tanker *British Valour*. *On left*—This is a view of the main switchboard of a sister ship, *British Glory*. On the right of the picture is part of the 14,000 s.h.p. turbine machinery. Both ships entered service a few weeks ago.

A NEW ADDITION TO THE SHELL TANKER FLEET: The 32,000 dwt.-ton S.T.S. *Vitrina* is a single-screw steam turbine oil tanker which has been built at the Belfast shipyard of Harland and Wolff Limited. She has a length of 635 ft. and is of usual tanker design with machinery aft, poop, bridge and forecastle decks connected by fore and after gangways, boat deck aft, and upper bridge, navigating bridge and flying bridge amidships. The ship was named by Viscountess Hailsham during the trials.



A GIANT WALKING DRAGLINE MACHINE: A bulldozer standing in front of a walking dragline machine gives an impression of the latter's great size. It is being used at an opencast ironstone quarry near Stamford, in Lincolnshire.

AT THE CONTROLS: A workman is seated at the control console unit in one of the two driving cabins on the walking dragline. *On left*—A section of the massive superstructure, showing one of the driving cabins, is framed by the bucket. The dragline is 330 ft. long.

"SWALLOWING" A CAR WITH EASE: A saloon car has been driven into the bucket with adequate clearance on both sides. The bucket has a capacity of 20 cub. yards and weighs 22 tons. *On right*—The picture is taken looking from the superstructure up the 282-ft.-long jib. The head of the jib is 175 ft. above ground-level—5 ft. higher than Nelson's Column.

WORLD'S LARGEST WALKING DRAGLINE

The world's largest walking dragline, weighing 1,675 tons and equipped with a 282-ft.-long tubular steel jib, has just begun operations at an opencast ironstone quarry near Stamford, in Lincolnshire. It is being operated by the Ore Mining branch of The United Steel Companies Limited. The £800,000 machine is being employed to strip the overburden from the ironstone, which is subsequently loaded by excavators and transported by rail to iron works. The machine is capable of taking 30-ton "bites" at the overburden and, at present, is expected to strip 20,000 tons of ironstone each week. The actual rate of stripping ironstone is, however, dependent on the thickness of the overburden.

Designed and built by Ransomes and Rapier Limited, the walking dragline is electrically driven, drawing its power from the mains supply through a trailing cable to feed two 1,500-h.p. motor generator sets. These sets in turn supply direct current to the fourteen main driving motors, each of 225 h.p. All the electrical equipment is housed in a spacious motor room, which is serviced by a 25-ton overhead crane. The revolving superstructure of the machine is supported on a 48-ft.-diameter circular base of structural steel. This carries the main roller path, the rotate rack and the steel centre post. The roller path is of heavy bridge rail section and has a mean diameter of 47 ft. It carries a live ring of 120 tapered rollers. The rotate rack consists of cast steel segments with machine-cut teeth. The complete rack has 208 teeth of 6-in. circular pitch and 1 ft. 7½ ins. deep.

The revolving superstructure has a tail radius of 68 ft. 6 ins. and a width over the house of 49 ft. The main frame of the superstructure consists of four full-length longitudinal girders with transverse bulkheads and cross-girders as well as a bridge girder. The latter extends the full width of the frame to carry the heavy loads from the walking mechanism. The walking gear, which enables the machine to move in a series of steps in any direction, has many special features to ensure reliability in this operation. There are two walking shoes—one on each side of the house—each 48 ft. in length and 9 ft. 6 ins. in width. They are carried on vertical legs which are driven by eccentrics. The walking operation is carried out by lifting and tilting the entire machine so that it slides across the ground to a new position, having made a step of 6 ft. 10½ ins. The weight of the machine is carried on hollow stub axles forming part of the bridge girder, thereby transmitting the weight of the machine direct to the superstructure and not through the driving machinery. The driving shafts, subject to torsional stresses only, pass through the axles to the eccentrics. These are fitted with rollers which run in machined paths in the legs. The connection to the shoes is by means of ball and socket joints, giving free movement for the shoes to accommodate any uneven ground.

Two driving cabins are provided, well forward on each side of the machine, so that the driver may occupy whichever gives better vision for the work. The superstructure is pressurised by air filtering and fan equipment.

HAT TRICK AND VICTORY

England Win the Fourth Test and the Rubber Against the West Indies

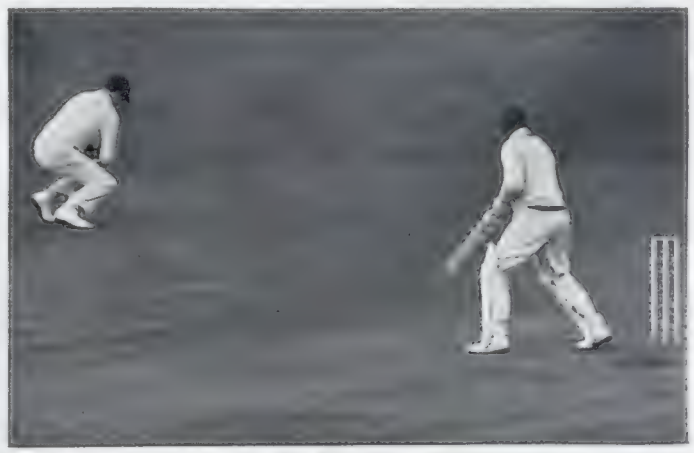
THE HERO OF AN ASTONISHING BOWLING PERFORMANCE: Loader leads in the English team after he had done the hat trick to finish off the West Indies first innings at the Headingley ground in Leeds. The Surrey fast bowler was the first England player to achieve this feat in a Test in England since 1899.

A PARTNERSHIP OF 93 FOR ENGLAND: Sheppard (batting) and Cowdrey are together. Both had individual scores of 68 and together put on 93 in the England total of 279 at Leeds. This was the Rev. D. S. Sheppard's first appearance in this season's Test series, his time for cricket being limited owing to his duties as a clergyman.

At a quarter to three last Saturday Peter May led in the English team from the Headingley ground. The scoreboard showed England 279, West Indies 142 and 132. In the English victory by an innings there were two entries for the record book. One was Loader's hat trick. He becomes the thirteenth man to have this feat to his credit in a Test and one of only three to have done it since the end of the First World War. The other record was Evans taking his 200th victim behind the stumps. This is an entirely unparalleled total, his nearest rival in the Test wicket-keeping list being Oldfield of Australia with 134 caught or stumped.

For six years England have not lost a Test series, and on their home grounds in three successive summers they have defeated South Africa, Australia and now West Indies. Goddard and his men have no need to be ashamed. May leads one of the best-ever English elevens. He has a number of batsmen of the highest class, and in bowling almost an embarrassment of riches. Above all, the English team has shown itself superb in the field. The West Indies have some outstanding individual players, but so far in this Test series they have not yet found their true form as a team.

THE VICTORIOUS CAPTAIN LEADS IN HIS TEAM: May is loudly applauded as he comes in at the head of his team which had won the fourth Test and the rubber against the West Indies. His individual score of 69 was the highest on both sides and with Cowdrey he took part in a stand of 94 on the second day's play.



THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR WEST INDIES: Walcott is caught by Sheppard off Loader for 35 in the second innings. With his departure serious resistance finished and his side were out for 132. West Indies were defeated by an innings and five runs.

EVANS' 200TH WICKET IN TESTS: The England wicket-keeper, supported by Cowdrey, appeals successfully for a catch against Smith. He had the distinction of being Evans' 200th Test match victim.

DEDICATION AT RUNNYMEDE: A general view of the scene at Runnymede Meadow, in Surrey, during the dedication of the American Bar Association's memorial to Magna Carta. It is in the form of a temple and it stands as near as history can place it to the spot where Magna Carta was signed nearly 750 years ago. The ceremony was one of the highlights of the gathering in London of lawyers from the United States for the American Bar Association's eightieth annual meeting.

MAGNA CARTA MEMORIAL DEDICATED

A Tribute by the American Bar Association is Unveiled at Runnymede

Over 4,000 people gathered on the banks of the River Thames at Runnymede Meadow, near Egham, in Surrey, last Sunday, to witness the unveiling of a memorial to the signing of Magna Carta, which has been presented to the nation by the American Bar Association. The monument, an obelisk enclosed by a circular temple structure of Portland stone, was officially unveiled by Mr. David F. Maxwell, President of the American Bar Association. Designed by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., it stands close to the Windsor-Egham main road. Inscribed on the obelisk and also round the inside of the roof are the words: "To commemorate Magna Carta, symbol of freedom under law." The monument is designed to last at least a 1,000 years.

On left—

AN AMERICAN SPEAKS: Mr. E. Smythe Gambrell (standing), a former President of the American Bar Association, delivers an address prior to the unveiling of the new memorial at Runnymede by Mr. David Maxwell, President of the American Bar Association. Mr. Maxwell is seated second from left behind the speaker. On the extreme left the obelisk bearing an inscription is veiled by the United States flag.

The World of Books

THE SPICE OF LIFE

New Novels Deal With a Variety of Human Types and Range in Their Backgrounds from Britain to Malaya and Borneo

MR. L. P. HARTLEY is one of those writers who gives the novel its full due, recognises that it can be a small work of art and shapes his material accordingly. So far, he has not been concerned with the broad, cosmic themes of the Russians or the transatlantic piling-up of meticulous detail but with the subtleties of behaviour in a group of three or four people, intimately related by some circumstance of emotion or thought. His new book, THE HIRELING (Hamish Hamilton. 13s. 6d.), has been planned and executed with care. It has grace, balance and elegance. It has been cut, shaped and polished by a craftsman's hand and yet it is curiously unsatisfying.

The story is of a rich, young widow whose sense of guilt about her fancied neglect of her husband during his lifetime is so great that it has an anæsthetising effect on her, making her remote and inaccessible to her friends and keeping her perpetually in a trance-like state of detachment and introspection. One day she orders a car from a hire firm in order to visit one of the cathedrals in which she hopes to find peace of mind, and with the car arrives the man who will jolt her out of her pre-occupations. This is one Leadbitter, an ex-soldier and full-time egotist, who owns both the car and the firm and whose entire energies are devoted to the business of ensuring that Leadbitter Gets On.

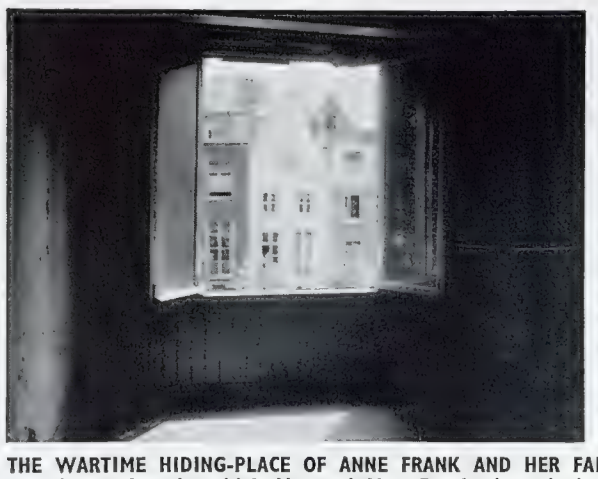
Unexpectedly, the lady finds him easy to talk to and unburdens herself in the course of their many subsequent drives while he, assessing her as a likely financial prospect, talks too and, to divert her, invents a wife and a family of children whose adventures he tells her, as it were, in instalments. The lady gives him money which he spends on a new car. His future looks rosy, or, paradoxically, out of the red, when he makes his fatal mistake and the story takes a slant towards tragedy. In all this the dialogue—a strong point with Mr. Hartley—has been faultless, notably in the case of two subsidiary characters, who remind one slightly of the best early Waugh. The form of the novel, too, is admirably neat. It is simply that the content, though rich enough in intelligence, is not quite rich enough in feeling.

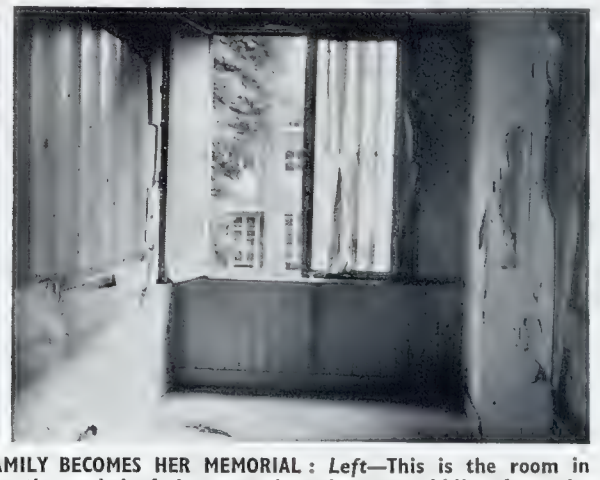
THROUGH THE SWORD GATES (Heinemann. 15s.) is devoted to the thesis that a large, beautiful, placid woman, calm as a bowl of cream and just about as transparent, may make the very best of wives and mothers. Miss Barbara Goolden has some fun with this idea and has certainly created an extremely likable character in her latter-day Ceres, who, having had four children and adopted a fifth, nurses her first husband through his last illness and, after a decent interval, marries a second because, as she puts it so succinctly, "I think I 'm good at marriage." She is, too. Her husbands, her sons and daughters, her adopted niece, all of them benefit from her almost divine absence of fidgets, her good sense and her wonderful and far from stupid ability to pour oil on troubled waters. Towards the end of the book the reader is beginning to feel the need of just such a soothing and sensible influence in his own life !

How well Miss Goolden writes about children : the little boy, youngest of the big family, precocious, much loved and miraculously unspoilt, emerges as a real child and the adolescent growing pains, uncertainties and first loves of the others are lightly and surely conveyed.

From the Home Counties to Texas is still quite a step, jets notwithstanding, and Mr. Stephen Longstreet's novel, THE PROMOTERS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.), is a very long way from the mood of the English book. This is not, except quite incidentally, a story of riches and estates like the immense King Ranch, or of oil and gushers. It is the story of a big man, half-Indian, half-Scottish, who holds the title of Judge, has enough vitality for six ordinary, or non-Texan men, and has quite a bent for starting new business projects. As the book opens he has invented a cola drink with added vitamins, and its success in the southern States is bringing him almost as much money as he would like. The sales campaign—in other words, the promotion—is organised by the narrator of the tale, a highly articulate, sensitive fellow with a near-genius for this kind of specialised work and the great disability of being an alcoholic.

The passages in which this failing and the physical and mental agonies which accompany it are discussed are as acute as anything in *The Lost Week-end.* The real strength of the book, however, lies in the firmness of its characterisation, and for this Mr. Longstreet must really be congratulated. It is a long book and there are far more than a handful of people to animate it but each of them is as clearly drawn—one could almost write as recognisable—as if the reader had known them, quarrelled with them, appreciated them and generally taken them into his own circle. A great, big, lively and highly readable book.





THE WARTIME HIDING-PLACE OF ANNE FRANK AND HER FAMILY BECOMES HER MEMORIAL : *Left*—This is the room in Amsterdam in which Mr. and Mrs. Frank slept during the period of the war when they were hiding from the Nazis. *Right*—The room of their daughter, Anne. The house has been acquired by the Anne Frank Foundation, whose purpose is to promote the ideals expressed in Anne's famous Diary. The building, in which the hiding-places will be preserved, was handed over to the Foundation at a recent ceremony. Anne Frank and her family were Jews. They took refuge from the Nazis in a secret hide-out in Amsterdam but were betrayed. Anne was taken to a concentration camp and died. Her fame rests on the Diary which she kept during the period of hiding. The document has been dramatised into a most moving play by Frances Goodhart and Albert Hackett. It was one of the outstanding productions in London last winter.

Two novels show aspects of the East as it appears to English authors who have long been familiar with the countries about which they have written. MALACCA BOY (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is perhaps the more remarkable of the two—more, that is to say, of a *tour de force*—because in this Mrs. Katharine Sim has told her story entirely from the Malay angle, and it is the Malay way of life which fills the whole picture. From childhood, through youth and young manhood, Mrs. Sim traces the development of a boy born in a rice-growing, coastal village of Malacca, enduring the bitter years of the Japanese occupation and surviving them to achieve love and marriage. Since by far the greatest value of this book is its authenticity, it is interesting to learn that the author has lived in Malaya since 1938, though she was evacuated during the war years. In her present home in Kuala Lumpur she engages in local journalism, paints well enough to have designed a charming wrapper for her own book, and, most essential of all, speaks good Malay.

FESTIVAL OF HUNGRY GHOSTS (Macdonald. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. Hugh Hickling's novel set in Borneo and, again, this is a tale based not on actual personages but on a very real understanding of a country and its ways. In contrast with the last, this book is concerned with the Englishmen who administer a foreign State, who do their best for it in their respectively limited or selfless ways and who finally come to the day when they must leave both it and a deeply-felt part of their lives behind them. In the background move the Malays, the Chinese in their increasing numbers, the Dayaks with their friendliness and loyalty, but they provide only the political and national climate in which the English administrators must work. This is a subtle, well-informed study of men with a special set of problems and Mr. Hickling has not only understood them but brought them to life.

France provides the next book, a very amusing piece of work, expressed in the dead-pan style of M. Jean-Paul Lacroix, and translated with appropriate sparkle by Mr. Hugh Shelley. THE INNOCENT GUNMAN (Elek. 12s. 6d.) is the sad and doubtfully moral tale of a father who has risen from being third razor in the obscurest of provincial gangs to the control of the largest criminal combine in France and to being an international leader in his not-very-exclusive set. When fate strikes at this man it is in a most painful way, for his son and successor, born, as they said locally, with a silver [illegible]k-knife in his mouth, refuses to follow the career of kille and only wants to be a poet, or possibly a school master. The fun of this situation palls after a litt but, by and large, and in its own ironic, Gallic way the book has its points.

The adventure book of the week is THE MANASC ROAD (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Victo Canning. Set in Majorca and among a crowd of fairl amiable Spanish toughs, this has pace, excitement an some surprisingly good detail on salvage work at sea.

THE LATE UNCLE MAX (Macdonald. 10s. 6d. is by Miss Mary Fitt and is about murder among th archæologists, a practice (if one comes to think of it very seldom indulged in. Knowledgeable about th " digs," but not as much of a thriller as one has come t expect from this author.

Vernon Fane

THE UNKNOWN WORLD

Exploration and Mountain Climbing

It seems almost beyond belief that a great and magnificent city should have remained hidden for nearly four centuries after the first Europeans arrived in Peru. Yet this is what happened to Old Vilcabamba, whose ruins straddle a narrow ridge below the peak of Macchu Pichu in the most inaccessible corner of the most inaccessible part of the Andes. In his latest book, LOST CITIES (Robert Hale. 18s.), Leonard Cottrell tells, among others, the remarkable story of Bingham's expedition in search of Vitcos in 1911. The journey led to the region where the last of the Inca kings found a refuge unsuspected by the Conquistadors. Centuries later maps of the region still left no room for this lost corner, yet there on the razor-like ridge flanked by tremendous precipices a highly-civilised people—artistic, inventive, efficiently organised—at some time in the remote past built themselves a mighty sanctuary for the worship of the sun. This chapter on Vilcabamba is undoubtedly the most dramatic part of Mr. Cottrell's enthralling narrative which takes us to Babylon and Nineveh, Hattusas, in Asia Minor, from which the Hittites controlled their powerful empire ; Pompeii, and eastward to Anuradhapura and Polunnaruwa, in Ceylon. Mr. Cottrell has at his finger-tips the technique of dramatic and factual presentation.

When Hillary and Tensing scaled the heights of Everest in 1953 they were the first to acknowledge that their achievement was in large measure due to the pioneering done by the Swiss mountaineers in the year before who (Tensing among them) had almost conquered the great peak. In turn, of course, the Swis had profited by the celebrated Shipton reconnaissanc that pointed the way through the Western Cwm. I was only fitting, however, that the Swiss, who had don so much, should in due course reap a little of the glo and in 1956 their expedition to Everest under Albe Eggler succeeded in scaling the peak, not once but twic and tackled successfully during the same period th summit of Lhotse, hitherto a virgin peak and the four highest in the world. In THE EVEREST-LHOTS ADVENTURE (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) Albert Eggle recounts the expedition's experiences, and he has don it with quite extraordinary skill, employing a powerf simplicity of language that seems to come naturally t climbing men like Smythe, Hunt, Hillary, and ma before them.

With the exploration of the seventh continent n taking on a new intensity, it is well to glance back at t history of Antarctic exploration to date. Walter Sulliva who was himself on the American expedition of 1945 a knows something of the rigours of the far south, te the story of the earliest days when Bouvet de Lozie in the 1730's, first skirted the icefield. He calls QUEST FOR A CONTINENT (Secker and Warbur 30s.), and accompanies his text with some first-ra photographs and diagrams.

In FLIGHT 777 (Evans Brothers. 16s.) Ian Colv probes the mystery of the last hours of Leslie Howar The question is, was Howard, the screen star, a Briti secret agent, or was his death over the Bay of Bisc in a civil air liner due to an attack that the Germa launched in the belief that Winston Churchill was aboa the plane ? Mr. Colvin's researches have taken him f afield and they go to make a fascinating if inconclusi narrative.

"THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL"

I commend this book to all who are interested in the age-old controversy about public school education and especially to those who intend to break a lance in the latest lists. THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL, by Vivian Ogilvie (Batsford. 30s.), is authoritative, impartial, lucidly written with a sound sense of proportion and of humour. The name " public school " to-day could hardly give a less true definition of Winchester, Eton, and so on. The term originated as title to a report on certain schools in 1861, and those examined were Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Charterhouse, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylor's, Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury. Further measures followed to regulate these schools, excluding St. Paul's and Merchant Taylors, and then for a time there were seven so defined. When in 1942 Mr. Butler tried to define the indefinable, his conditions admitted more than 200. Mr. Ogilvie supplies a roughly complete definition of a public school :

(1) A class school, catering for the well-to-do ; (2) Expensive ; (3) Non-local ; (4) Predominantly boarding ; (5) Independent of State and of local government, but neither privately-owned nor run for profit.

How did they begin ? Practically every one founded before 1800 began as a grammar school. The grammar school catered for the middle cut. Above it stood the university schools. Below it were the schools for " petties," song, reading and writing schools. The new " grammar school " was designed to educate boys destined to be ordained, though not necessarily to become priests. Such was William of Wykeham's, such Henry VI's, foundations at Winchester and Eton, and such was Colet's (St. Paul's), though somewhat emancipated from the Church.

As the centuries passed, they rose and fell, influenced by historical events and strong or weak headmasters. Their heyday began in the middle of the nineteenth century when the new rich middle class needed them. It was Arnold, appointed to Rugby in 1828, who created the demand. His patent was to win over his head boys and work through them to turn out Christian gentlemen from the lowest form upwards. His faith and his gamble worked, and new public schools on the Rugby pattern multiplied in the 1860's. Vaughan, another great headmaster, worked a miracle with Harrow in decline. There have not been very many notable school reformers with Arnold's reputation. I should like to have heard rather more of the theories of the creator of Gordonstoun. For indeed his " patent " had in it more of originality than Arnold's.

"CANDLES IN THE SUN"

It is not odd that Bulwer Lytton's grandchildren—that remarkable family—should have an uncontrollable urge to write and to seek spiritual adventures and experiments. Lady Emily Lutyens knows how to write, without self-consciousness, with perfect frankness, with a story to tell—the vital recipe. Her *A Blessed Girl* was a worthwhile book. Her new book, CANDLES IN THE SUN (Hart-Davis. 25s.), will appeal less widely. It is an extraordinary book which treats of her incursion into Theosophy at the feet of Krishnamurti, world-famous teacher. For twenty years his influence denied her to her many devoted friends and drew her from her happy home life. In the end both teacher and disciple abandoned Theosophy, he for something even more strict and detached from earthly ties, she for a return to ties she could not part from. What is Truth ? What is Theosophy ? Briefly, a belief that every so often a great Being manifests Himself in human form, and that the body of Jesus was the last used for such manifestation. It was Mrs. Besant who put forth the arrival of a new manifestation of the eternal truth and Krishnamurti was the chosen vessel. It is a strange world into which we are admitted. Helena Blavatsky, the founder, George Arundale, Charles Leadbeater, Annie Besant—none of them feared the charge of inconsistency in the urge towards spiritual experience and they rang the changes from free thinking to spiritualism and on to Theosophy and out again. The subject is really out of my field but this is my conclusion : those who write because they must and, in writing of what they know and have done and seen, show no fear at all of ridicule or the charge of inconsistency, can be assured of all their readers' interest and the sympathy of many. *Candles in the Sun* is such a book.

John Gore

BRANCH LINES 92 (Batsford. 25s.) is a " must " for the railway enthusiast. The author, O. S. Nock, one of our leading railway writers, excels himself in this book, and some excellent diagrammatic maps help us to penetrate some of the out-of-the-way places to which the branch lines of Britain were directed in the Victorian age.

Television programmes come and go, and often we have few regrets. Paul Johnstone's *Buried Treasure* programme deserved to be of more enduring stuff, however, with its records of Maiden Castle, the Jericho excavations, researches at Stonehenge, and much else besides. The book version of these broadcasts is magnificently presented with sixty-eight illustrations. Certain gaps which the inexorable half-hour of television enforced are now repaired with advantage. BURIED TREASURE is published by Phœnix House at 16s.

R. C. E.

"SONGS AND POEMS OF JOHN DRYDEN"

" Pygmalion and the Statue." This is one of the drawings by Lavinia Blythe in the Golden Cockerel edition.

EPILOGUE TO TYRANNICK LOVE

SPOKEN BY MRS. ELLEN, WHEN SHE WAS TO BE CARRIED OFF DEAD BY THE BEARERS

(To the Bearer.) Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.
(To the Audience.) I come, kind Gentlemen, strange news to tell ye,
I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet Ladies, be not frighted, I'le be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.
For after death, we Sprights, have just such Natures,
We had for all the World, when humane Creatures;
And therefore I that was an Actress here,
Play all my Tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.
Gallants, look to't, you say there are no Sprights:
But I'le come dance about your Beds at nights.
And faith you'l be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk because I dye
Out of my Calling in a Tragedy.
O Poet, damn'd dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless! to make Nelly dye for Love,
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-Term, in Tart and Cheese-cake time!
I'le fit the Foppy for I'le not one word say
T'excuse his godly out of fashion Play.
A Play, which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'l all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But, farewel Gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure e're long to have your company.
As for my Epitaph when I am gone,
I'le trust no Poet, but will write my own.

'Here Nelly lies, who, though she liv'd a Slater'n,
Yet dy'd a Princess, acting in S. Cathar'n.'

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The " Golden Cockerel " 18-pt. type was designed by the late Eric Gill and has been hand-set.

" Upon Young Mr. Rogers of Gloucestershire." " His Parents' Only Treasure" soars heavenwards.

" Song to a Fair Young Lady Going Out of the Town in the Spring " is one of the poems illustrated.

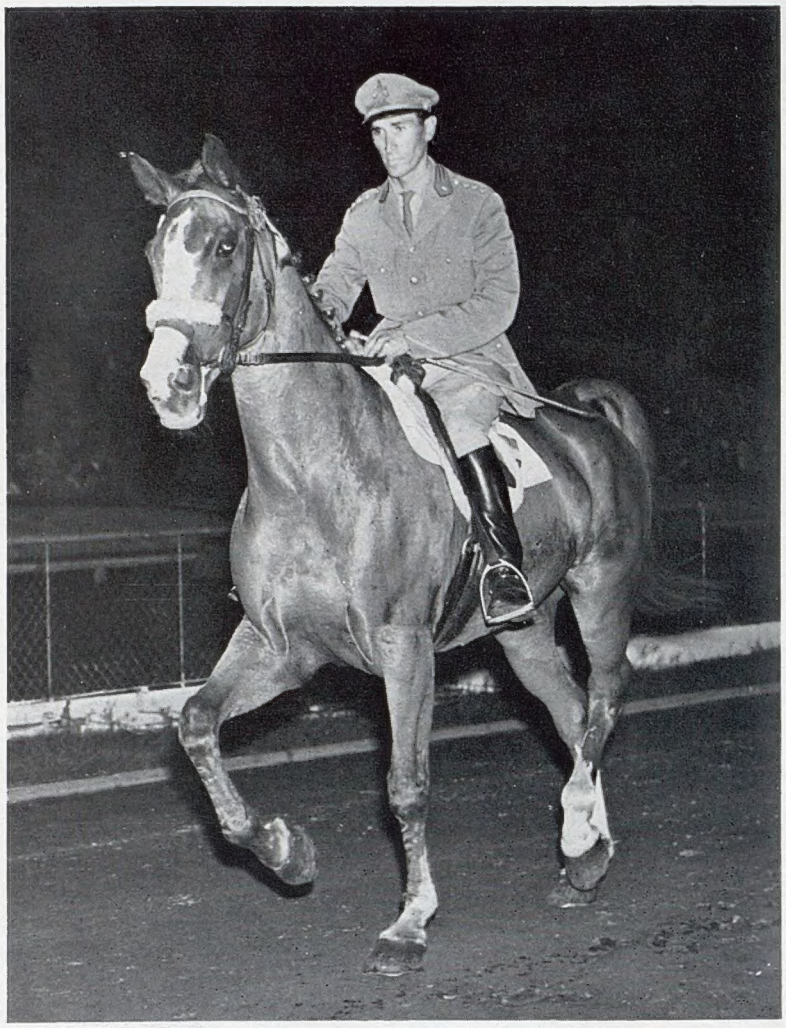
Nowadays Dryden is popular with scholars but he is little read by the general public. This is a pity. Admittedly, he wrote far too much and only the most conscientious research student is ever likely to labour through the whole of his output. But Mr. T. S. Eliot has laid down that Dryden " remains one of those who have set standards for English verse which it is desperate to ignore " and A. E. Housman, having fully recognised the Restoration Laureate's defects, maintained that he " could write in verse even better than he wrote in prose."

The Golden Cockerel Press has produced a splendid volume which could not be improved upon in giving John Dryden the Poet his rightful place. SONGS AND POEMS OF JOHN DRYDEN is published in two editions: the Standard Edition costs 12 gns. and is quarter morocco bound. The Special Edition, full-bound in green and brown morocco, is priced at 24 gns. Of course, because of the price, this is primarily a collector's book, but it is to be hoped that it will find its way on to the shelves of all discerning public libraries. Professor Gwyn Jones has made a most representative selection which shows us Dryden as a poet in his many varying moods. The text has been prepared by Professor James Kinsley. The type is the excellent " Golden Cockerel " 18-pt. The illustrations, many of them full-page colour drawings, are by Lavinia Blythe. It is understood that this pseudonym masks the identity of a well-known authoress.

Professor Gwyn Jones has divided his choice into sections. There are *Translations From the Classics*, which are superb examples of a normal seventeenth-century exercise; *Prologues and Epilogues* remind us how much of his life Dryden spent as a dramatist ; *Songs From the Plays* includes " Fairest Isle " which inspired one of Purcell's loveliest melodies; *Elegies and Portraits* reveals the poet's shallowness. But this is balanced by a long extract from *Absalom and Achitophel* which could, to advantage, have been longer. But no lover of books will be able to resist the enjoyment of a volume produced with such delicate care as this.

ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

Jumping Contests in the Jubilee Year at the White City



A GREAT VICTORY FOR ITALY : Captain P. D'Inzeo rides from the jumping ring on Uruguay after they had won the King George V Gold Cup. Five riders were equal second, three from Britain and one each from Belgium and Italy.

Most deservedly in its fiftieth and jubilee year the International Horse Show has been honoured with the title of Royal. The first R.I.H.S. at the White City last week gave a splendid start to the new era in its history. As usual the jumping events attracted the most attention and the major trophies produced exciting competition between Britain and Italy.

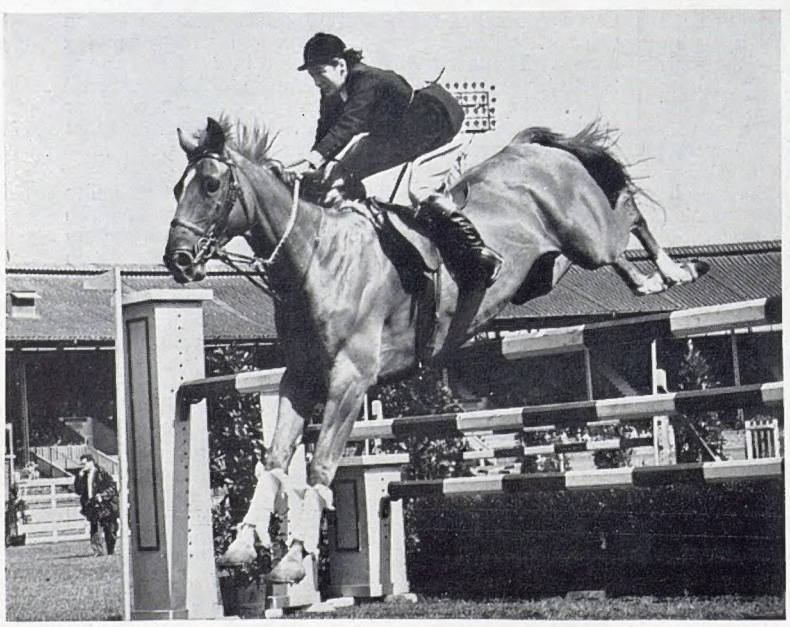
The British team won the Prince of Wales Cup with twelve faults to the Italians' twenty, the other two teams, France and Eire, being well out of the picture. Incidentally, it was the eighth time in nine years that Britain has been victorious in this event. Against this, Italy's Captain P. D'Inzeo took the King George V Cup on Uruguay and the Lonsdale Cup on The Rock. In the first he was an easy winner but in the second he had a thrilling battle with Britain's Alan Oliver riding Red Admiral, the contest going to three jump-offs, in the last of which the final obstacle stood at 7 ft. 1 in. Then on the last day Miss Pat Smythe with Prince Hal levelled the scores by snatching a 3·6 secs. victory in the *Daily Mail* Cup from R. D'Inzeo (the brother of P. D'Inzeo) on Merano.

In the Queen Elizabeth Cup Miss Elizabeth Anderson on Sunsalve triumphed, and second were Miss Pat Smythe, who has yet to win this premier trophy for women, and Prince Hal. The form of the young British team in taking the Junior International Jumping Championship showed that successors are in the making to Wilf White and Nizefela (if any Horse Show can be imagined without them) and all those other famous combinations which have given Britain such a great reputation in international jumping rings since the war. But the R.I.H.S. is not by any means all jumping. Entries in the many other classes demonstrated that it is basically by breeding and care of horses that Britain has attained and maintained its equestrian eminence.

AN OUTSTANDING BRITISH SHOW-JUMPING TEAM: From the left are Wilf White on Nizefela; Pat Smythe on Flanagan; Dawn Palethorpe on Earlsrath Rambler; and Ted Williams on Dumbell. They had just won the Prince of Wales Cup at the Royal International Horse Show at the White City in London. They defeated Italian, French and Irish teams. Miss Palethorpe and Earlsrath Rambler also won the Country Life and Riding Cup.

On left—

THE ONE AND ONLY NIZEFELA: With his equally famous rider and owner Wilf White, he clears the wall in a qualifying round for the King George V Cup. In the final they were one of the five who tied for second place. There is no doubt that Nizefela is now firmly established with the British public as the successor in popular affection to the immortal Foxhunter. Nizefela never fails to show appreciation of this esteem.



OFF AT THE JUMPS AND OVER THEM AT THE WHITE CITY: Lieutenant D. Ringrose, of Eire, and Glenamaddy come to grief during the Prince of Wales Cup. *On left*—Miss Elizabeth Anderson clears an obstacle on Sunsalve during her progress towards winning the Queen Elizabeth Cup. The trophy was presented to her by the Queen on the evening she attended the Show.

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the dream of home steals o'er the heart,
when far o'er sea or land we roam?" †

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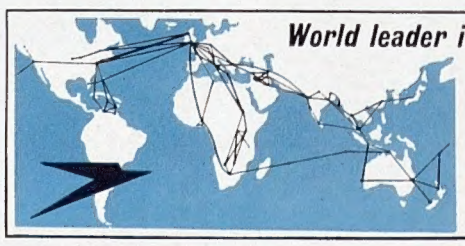

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